NORMA'S DAD TO LET WIFE REAR BABY

Rev. Norma Brighton Admits He Failed With Mrs. Millen and Thelma; Hopes It's Girl

With the expected advent of a new baby in his home, the Rev. Norman Brighton is asking himself a lot of questions that have to do with the rearing of children. He is trying to salvage a few of the theories he had before his daughter, Norma Millen, began her term in Dedham jail.

"But I must have been wrong somewhere," he said yesterday at his house in Natick, "or these terrible things wouldn't have happened to Norma. If I was wrong just where was I wrong—and shall I make the same mistake again?

"Soon there will be another life to build, another angel to guide and advise. I can't help tormenting myself with the thought that twice I have failed; both with Norma and her sister, Thelma.

"Then their is the question," he went on, "as to just what degree parents are responsible for what their children become. Can they do any more than love their children? Out of love they can show them what is right and protect them from what is wrong. That is what I tried to do with Norma."

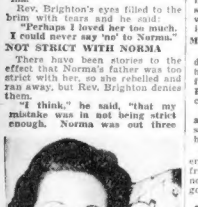
Rev. Brighton's eyes filled to the brim with tears and he said:

"Perhaps I loved her too much. I could never say 'no' to Norma."

NOT STRICT WITH NORMA

There have been stories to the effect that Norma's father was too strict with her, so she rebelled and ran away, but Rev. Brighton denies them.

"I think," he said, "that my mistake was in not being strict enough. Norma was out three



NORMA MILLEN

and four nights every week and she was seldom home before midnight. I didn't scold her about it. I thought I could love her into obedience."

The last time he visited Norma at Dedham jail, he said, that she found her extremely sober and repentent.

"Daddy," she had asked, "are you sure you love me as much as ever?"

"Of course, darling," he said, and more than ever."

"Will I be welcome at home after what happened?"

"More than welcome," he assured her.

"BARS" FOR HOME WINDOW

Then she had smiled and said:

"How will I sleep without bars at my window?"

"We'll have some built in your bedroom window," said her father. "And we'll take them down one at a time so you can gradually grow accustomed to it."

Rev. Brighton returned to the subject of his latest interest, the coming baby.

"We all, including Norma, hope that it will be a girl," he said. "If it is, we shall name her Beatrice Beverly Brighton. Then we can call her 'Bee-Bee.'

"Another girl," he mused. "I wonder what she will be like when she grows up. Norma herself has said that she thinks she could do a lot to keep a step-sister in 'the paths of righteousness.'"

LEAVES HER TO WIFE

Then his eyes fell on a book which lay on the table. It was one that he had just recently purchased

Advertisement

Flush Kidneys of Acid and Poisons

Stop Getting Up Nights

When kidneys are clogged they become weak — the bladder is irritated—often passage is scanty and smarts and burns—sleep is restless and nightly visits to the bathroom are frequent. The right harmless and inexpensive way to stop this trouble and restore healthy action to kidneys and bladder is to get from any druggist a 35-cent box of Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules and take as directed—you won't be disappointed—but be sure and get GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—a grand kidney stimulant and diuretic. Remember also that other symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble are backache, leg cramps, puffy eyes, moist palms and nervousness.

Ely, 'Sorry' to Quit, Thinks He'll Be 'Lonesome Man'

Tells Sunday Advertiser He Will Never Seek Public Office Again

By JAMES J. SMITH

Looking forward to retirement after four years as chief executive of the Commonwealth, Governor Ely, in an exclusive interview yesterday with the Boston Sunday Advertiser, admitted he expected to be a "lonesome man."

He is tired and feels the need, he said, of a long vacation. The duties of his office, as deep lines in his face attest, have consumed much of his energy.

For several weeks he has been under a constant strain due mainly to the problems of making appointments to a large number of vacant offices.

He has been besieged by hundreds of eleventh-hour favor seekers and has listened to the importunings of as many others backing favorites for jobs.

But, the governor admits a bit wistfully, he will be sorry to leave it all.

"There was a lot of work in those four years," said the governor. "There's a lot still to be done before I go. And many people to see.

"You know, a governor has many visitors. Their purposes are varied and usually interesting. In the past four years there have been many happenings of state and world importance which will always remain vivid in my memory.

MAY BE LONESOME

"No," he added reflectively, "I don't think that leaving that busy office will bring me any feeling of relief. On the contrary, I believe I'm going to miss the crowded hours.

"I expect to find myself alone and wondering why people don't seek me out. I think I'm going to be lonesome."

He expects his retirement as governor will amount to a retirement from political life and that he will never again seek elective office, the governor said.

"I'm going to open a law office at 49 Federal st.," he said. "I will have as my associates Bob Bradford (the governor's secretary for the past four years), my son Dick, George Thompson and Ed Brown.

"The office is now being prepared and I'll stay around until it's in full operation. On January 2, I'm going to speak before the New York Bar Association.

"Then I'm going to Florida, have a speaking engagement there in mid-February. Then I hope to go to Mexico for a couple of months. I always like to get outs to see that country. I'm coming back home about the middle of March.

"It will be my first real vacation in eight years. I'v gone away

A HAIL and farewell from a retiring and "tired" governor. A "bit sorry" to quit the crowded hours, he thinks that he's going to be a "lonesome man" after retiring, and intends to rest up on a long vacation. Here is Governor Joseph B. Ely as he appears today. (Photo by Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Photographer.)

on short trips for a week or 10 days, but they were just breaks in routine. I feel tired and I think a real vacation will put me back in shape."

It was apparent that the Governor is deeply concerned by the bombings last week in four moving picture theaters in the state. He said he had communicated regularly with Police Commissioner Hultman for late developments in the investigation of the crimes.

"If this is the work of racket unions," he said, "those who are seeking jobs or asking terms would by the very presumption of circumstances be implicated in the bombing or at least under such grave suspicion as to make implication almost certain.

NOT NEW RACKET

"This concerted attack on four different theaters at the same time would seem to furnish sufficient evidence of a plot. The inescapable conclusion from the facts throws the burden on dingy grunted employes who must have committed these outrageous acts or procured others to do them.

"I cannot see that it makes much difference in the eyes of the law whether they were the procurers or the actual perpetrators and in either event the facts justify their arrest charged with these crimes.

"It is inconceivable to me that managers of these theaters do not know who their disgruntled employes are.

"This is not a new racket in the United States. It has been extravagantly practised in other jurisdictions and lays the foundation for a general holdup of many industries under threat of planned bombings.

"If these outrages go without punishment we may expect a series of similar happenings which the public will know about and many others where the victims have been held up and the public will not know about it.

"There can be no compromise with this situation. These must not go down in police records as unsolved crimes nor is there any reason why they should go down as unsolved crimes."

and the subject of it was "Child Psychology." He picked it up and stared at it for a while.

"Can you be too strict with children," he said. "They rebel and manage to have their own way in the end. Can you strike them? Impossible. Can you lecture them and rave at them? It will make little impression. Can you give them all the liberty they want? They will take advantage of it."

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I think," he said, "that I shall leave the bringing up of my third child entirely in the hands of my wife. I seem to have failed with the two that were entrusted to me."

Burglar Drops Wrong Watch

Nathaniel T. Clark frightened a burglar into dropping a watch last night when he surprised him at work in his home in Mt. Auburn street, Cambridge. The only hitch was that it was another man's watch—of inferior quality—and not his $200 watch that the thief took from the house. Clark discovered that the burglar had not only taken his but also the $150 watch of George Olive, who also makes his home there. The watch of lesser value, apparently stolen at another stop, was turned over by Clark to police.

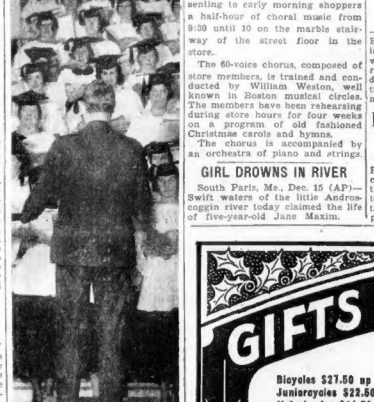
Wreck Burned to Free Victim

An acetylene torch in the hands of garage men was called into play last night to rescue Miss Frances Corwin of Winchester from the wreck of an automobile at Hanover, N. H.

With Wilson J. Ferguson, a Dartmouth senior, Miss Corwin was a passenger in the car when it skidded and hit a tree.

Miss Corwin suffered an injured ankle. Ferguson was treated at the Dartmouth infirmary for a fracture of the left leg and cuts and bruises.

Store Chorus



EARLY MORNING shoppers at the R. H. White Co. store will hear this choral group in a program of old fashioned Christmas carols and hymns.

Mooney Appeal in Court Is Lacking

San Francisco, Dec. 15 (US-INS)—Thomas J. Mooney, recently granted the right to petition the U. S. Supreme Court to a writ of habeas corpus, has not raised a question in which a federal court has jurisdiction, according to Attorney-General U. S. Webb, representing the State of California.

Webb completed his brief today and it was air mailed to the supreme court in Washington.

HOLIDAY MUSIC AT R. H. WHITE'S

Following a custom of 16 years, the R. H. White Company is presenting to early morning shoppers a half-hour of choral music from 9:30 until 10 on the marble stairway of the street floor in the store.

The 60-voice chorus, composed of store members, is trained and conducted by William Weston, well known in Boston musical circles. The members have been rehearsing during store hours for four weeks on a program of old fashioned Christmas carols and hymns.

The chorus is accompanied by an orchestra of piano and strings.

GIRL DROWNS IN RIVER

South Paris, Me., Dec. 15 (AP)—Swift waters of the little Androscoggin river today claimed the life of five-year-old Jane Maxim.

YULE TRAFFIC ON ATLANTIC SHOWS GAIN

Britannic Brings Christmas Mail; Two Other Ships Carry Holiday Vacationers

Sailing last night of the Cunard White Star liner Britannic, arrival tonight of the S. S. Georgic, of the same line, with the largest batch of Yuletide mail on record, and arrival tomorrow of the Furness liner Newfoundland, complete the Port of Boston's week-end activity.

Britannic, sailing from New York for Galway, Queenstown and Liverpool, left Commonwealth Pier, South Boston, with 337 passengers, one of the largest Christmas sailings from here in recent years.

The Georgic is bringing 5439 sacks of Yuletide letters and parcel post packages.

Newfoundland, from Liverpool, St. John's, N. F., and Halifax, N. S., reaches quarantine late tonight, docking tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock at pier 46, Mystic, Charlestown.

Sailing last night in the Britannic were P. Galway Foley, Irish Free State consul-general at Boston, and a large party of Bostonians who will spend the holidays at their old homes in England and Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence, Jr., Mrs. E. D. Brandegee, and Miss Helen Thompson, all of Boston, sailed for Surrey, England, to attend the wedding of Langdon Brandegee and Miss Edith Brooke on Dec. 29.

Bostonians sailing included: Mrs. George T. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ramsey, Mrs. L. M. Schneville, Miss H. Gehring, W. S. Findley, Miss Agnes Lockhart, Miss Marianna Lowell, and Mrs. F. E. Lowell.

Others embarking included John F. Leetch, Braintree; William Butters, Lynn; Jerome P. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Clark, Cambridge; Mrs. Rose Metcalf, Beverly Farms; T. C. Galvin, Lynn; Mrs. S. J. White, Salem; Miss A. M. Thornton of Bradford, England, who has been visiting Mrs. Ralph Hain, wife of the Boston wool merchant; Miss Ellen P. Bowen, Dedham, daughter of Sir Edmund Osler and niece of Sir William Osler, famous physician.

Also Richard Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. Obed S. Baxter, South Yarmouth; Mrs. Adaline E. Goodall, Holyoke; Arthur Burrows, Mrs. Selinas Jones, Fall River, and Captain Albert H. Church, Providence, retired British army officer making his eighth crossing in two years.

Bram Pilots Disabled Ship

Skippered by Capt. Thomas M. Bram, central figure in the famous triple murder aboard the ill-fated Dickerson Fuller on Jan. 18, 1895, the disabled four-masted schooner Alvena, her anchor dragging, was being towed into Provincetown yesterday by the coast guard cutter Algonquin.

The Alvena, bound for Portland with a cargo of lumber from Jacksonville, ran into trouble off Pollock Rip light and was in danger of sinking when distress signals brought the Algonquin to her aid.

1000 Yule Turkeys Taken by Thieves

Vannuys, Cal., Dec. 15 (US-INS)—Terrorizing and imprisoning Mrs. Betty Logue in a closet, and beating and kidnaping Clifford Gildner, watchman on Mrs. Logue's turkey ranch here, an armed gang, after devoting seven hours to raiding the stolen birds, today fled with more than 1000 Christmas turkeys.

Band Leader Shot Dead by Player

Rio De Janeiro, Dec. 15 (AP)—Pistol shots cracked out at an orchestra rehearsal here today and the well-known Argentine conductor, Franco Paolantonio, fell mortally wounded, allegedly by a flute player in his own orchestra.

Mars Devoid of Life, Spectrum Photos Indicate

Pasadena, Cal., Dec. 15 (INS)—Conviction that there is no life on the planet Mars was expressed here today by Dr. Walter F. Adams of the Mt. Wilson observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C.

Dr. Adams based his belief that life does not exist on Mars on a study made of spectrum photographs, which he recently completed and which today he was taking to Washington, D. C., where he will make a complete report of his findings.

The spectrum photographs, it was explained, show there is practically no free oxygen in the atmospheres of Mars, and as a result life could not exist on the planet.

STAMP SALES DAYS PLANNED

Washington, Dec. 15 (US)—Last-day sales of all commemorative stamp issues may soon be inaugurated by the Post Office Department, it was learned today.

If a favorable decision is reached, it will be one of the most far-reaching innovations of the present postal administration, may mean additional revenue for the Philatelic agency of more than $200,000 a year, and will do much to reduce profits in stamp speculation.

Port of Boston

ARRIVALS

Britannic (Br. M. S.), New York, Commonwealth Pier.

Hampden, Brownley, Newport News, docks Sunday, Weymouth.

Hartwelson, Noranger, Newport News, pier 3, Boston.

Juniata, Kendrick, Philadelphia, pier 3, South Boston.

Saint John, Breckenridge, New York, India wharf.

Severance, Anderson, Beverly, East Boston.

Socony No. 8 (motor barge), Nelson, Everett.

Yarmouth, Crosby, Yarmouth, N. S., sailing.

Britannic (Br. motor), Galway, Cobh, Queenstown.

City of Chattanooga, New York, Savannah.

Corner Brook (Br.), Cornerbrook, N. F.

Evarhards (Lat.), Genoa.

Everbeno, (Lat.) Porto Vecchio di Piombino, Italy.

Freeman, Norfolk.

Gulfwing, Shumaker, Jr., Tiverton, R. I.

Howard, Philadelphia.

Jamaica Mail, New York.

Juniata, Norfolk, Baltimore.

Motor barges Colonial Beacon, Albany; Newsdan, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland; Philadelphia, New York.

Norfolk, New York.

Seven Seas, Norfolk.

Socony No. 6, Portland.

Yankee Arrow, Beaumont.

DUE TODAY

Alma Jackson, El Segundo, docks Monday.

Bidwell, Houston, Chelsea.

Cities Service Kookiestor, Port Arthur, Texas, at Fraziers Monday.

City of St. Louis, Savannah, New York, pier 43, Boston, Charlestown.

Georgic (Br. M. S.), Liverpool, Cobh, Queenstown, pier 5, South Boston.

Lehigh, Philadelphia, Norfolk, pier 43, Boston.

Lemuel Burrows, Newport News, Everett.

Newfoundland (Lt.Br.), Liverpool, St. John's, N. F., Halifax, N. S., docks Monday, pier 46, Mystic, Charlestown.

Oneida, Jacksonville, Charleston, S. C., pier 3, Boston.

Point Breeze, Philadelphia, Providence, Chelsea.

Walter Miller, Houston, Chelsea.

EPIDEMIC HITS 500,000

London, Dec. 15 (AP)—A rapidly spreading epidemic of malaria in Ceylon was estimated today to have affected 500,000 people.

WILSON BROS.

"Marry me, Margaret, and I'll buy the ring at Wilson Bros."

Eyes Examined and Fitted by Our REGISTERED OPTOMETRISTS

BOSTON'S BUSIEST WATCH and CLOCK REPAIRING DEPT.

Fancy Shaped Crystals While You Wait

The Original Wilson Bros.

Jewelers and Opticians

25 SCOLLAY SQUARE

EASY TERMS IF DESIRED

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL XMAS

HUNTER, GIRL FIGHT WOLVES

Albion, Neb., Dec. 15 (AP)—Lost, trailed by wolves and carrying a child, Miss Lucille Gaskill and Louis McHenry waded through snow waist deep for four hours in zero weather before finding refuge in a farm house last night.

McHenry and Miss Gaskill, with the latter's nephew, Dickie Childs, 4, got stalled in a snow drift. Leaving their car, they cut across a field toward a farm house. Suddenly a dozen wolves loomed before them. In attempting to circle the animals, the travelers found themselves lost in the hills, as snow obliterated landmarks.

Carrying the child in blankets, the pair plunged blindly through the deep snow. Behind them came the wolves. When the exhausted couple paused for breath, the wolves crept closer but feared to attack. Unarmed, McHenry made no attempt to repel the animals for fear of exciting them to attack.

Hour after hour, the desperate pair staggered on with the child until finally the lights of a farm house pierced the darkness. Suffering from cold, fear and exhaustion they made their way to the haven.

None of the three suffered any serious illness. The wolves did not approach the house.

BOY, 14, MISSING

Mrs. Emma Nashawaty, of Spring st., West Roxbury, appealed last night, for aid in locating her son, Thomas, 14, who has been missing since Friday afternoon.

105 INDICTED IN WAR ON DOPE

Chicago, Dec. 15 (INS)—With nine men and a women sentenced for violation of federal narcotics laws government officials today announced that 105 defendants have been indicted in the past two weeks of the war on dope traffic.

Raids by federal agents and police continued, with the result that 100 other cases, addicts for the most part, were disposed of in police courts. Sentences ranged from 30 days to two years.

DIAMONDS RESET
In New Mountings While Waiting

See It Set By Expert Diamond Setters All Work Guaranteed.

Your Choice of Over 500 Designs $5.75 AND UP

All Mountings 18K White Gold Platinum at Lowest Prices

Liberal allowance for your old mountings.

SAGER BROS. & CO.
Est. 1906
6th Floor Room 616 Tel. Hanover 8284
333 Washington St., Boston

SUMMERFIELD'S USED FURNITURE STORE

You Cannot Beat Our Used Furniture Values

No, we do not claim to have the highest grade or best quality furniture in the city, but we do maintain, Dollar for Dollar, OUR VALUES ARE UNSURPASSED

KITCHEN CHAIRS Unfinished, brand new, ready-to-paint 58c

2-PC. PARLOR SETS Covered in tapestry, English style $39.95

PICTURES Several odds and ends in pictures of various subjects ..... 15c up

KITCHEN TABLES Drop-leaf styles; unfinished; ready-to-paint $2.95

2-PC. PARLOR SET Overstuffed, covered in jacquard velour $77.50

DINNER SETS Broken and complete sets; reduced to ..... $1 and up

KED DAVENPORTS Duofold type; a sofa by day, a bed by night $5

2-PC. PARLOR SET Tapestry cover; web bottoms; spring seat and wing chair $15

CROSLEY RADIO Table model; console-type; with tubes $5.00

6-PC. DINING SET Buffet, extension table, 4 chairs $68.00

3-PC. PARLOR SET Wing chair, divan and button jacquard velour $29.50

NEW MATTRESSES All new cotton filling; all sizes $3.95

6-PC. DINING SET Buffet, extension table, 4 chairs and 3 side $129.50

BRAND NEW HIGH CHAIR A close out purchase; just 25 to sell at this low price $2.48

3-PC. BEDROOM SET Dresser, bed, vanity, spring, mattress and 2 pillows $19.50

8-PC. BEDROOM SET Dresser, bed, vanity, spring, mattress and 2 pillows $195.00

4-PC. DINING SET Buffet, table, 6 chairs; excellent shape $19.50

3-PC. BEDROOM SET Dresser, bed, chest; walnut veneers on hardwoods $39

3-PC. BEDROOM SET Dresser, bed, chest; gumwood, walnut veneers $29.50

FOOD DINING TABLES Round oak style; priced for quick sale $1.98

4-PC. BEDROOM SET Dresser, bed, chest, vanity; mahogany veneers on hardwoods $39

4-PC. BEDROOM SET Dresser, bed, bed, wing chairs, chiffarobe; all large pieces $49

Dollar for Dollar Value

Dollar for Dollar Value

Sale of Coxwell Chairs Special purchase of brand new sturdy Coxwell chair. $6.75 at ½ price.

PILLOWS Large assortment; all feather-filled. Now reduced to 50c pr. up

NEW LOUNGE CHAIRS Brand new, special service unit and sturdily built. $7.95 tailored

NO MAIL, PHONE, OR C. O. D. ORDERS

Summerfield's USED FURNITURE STORE
770 WASHINGTON STREET
Corner of Bennet Street

USE OUR EASY BUDGET PAYMENTS
Open Monday, Thursday and Saturdays, 9-5. Other days 9 to 6

GIFTS FOR ALL AT IVER JOHNSON'S

The Very Things You Have Been Looking For To Make It A Merry Christmas

Bicycles $27.50 up
Juniorcycles $22.50
Velocipedes $11.50 up
Kodaks $5 up
Brownie Cameras $1 up
Movie Cameras $28 up
Roller Skates $1 up
Rowing Machines $3.75 up
Electric Clocks $1.95 up
Big Ben Clocks $3.50 up
Smoking Stands $1.19 up
Playing Cards 25c up
Skis $1 up
Snowshoes $5 up
Rifles $5 up

Skates $1 up
Hockey Sticks 25c up
Skate and Shoe Combinations $3.45 up
Sled Skates 50c up
Sleds $1.50 up
Toboggans $4 up
Shotguns $8 up

Radios $13.50 up
Air Rifles $1 up
Footballs $1 up
Sweaters $2 up
Wool Jackets $4.95 up
Suede Jackets $4.98 up
Leather Sport Mitts 85c up

Ping Pong Sets $1.25 up
Ping Pong Tables $20 up
Pocket Knives 25c up
Flashlights 85c up
Wrist Watches $2.95 up
Boy and Girl Scout Knives $1.25 up
Fishing Rods $2 up

Bill Folds 50c up
Slickers $5 up
Field Glasses $1 up
Safety Razors 25c up
Thermometers 25c up
Fountain Pens 50c up
Thermos Bottles 89c up
Table Knives and Forks $2 a dozen up
Chess and Checker Sets 75c up
Compasses $1 up
Military Brush Sets $1 up
Cocktail Shakers $2.95 up

And the Following Gifts In Great Variety and a Wide Range of Prices

Musical Instruments
Archery Goods
Fine Cutlery
Golf and Tennis Goods
Games
Winter Sports Apparel
Electric Household Appliances
Firearms
Mechanical Toys
Auto Accessories
Dog Goods
Fishing Tackle

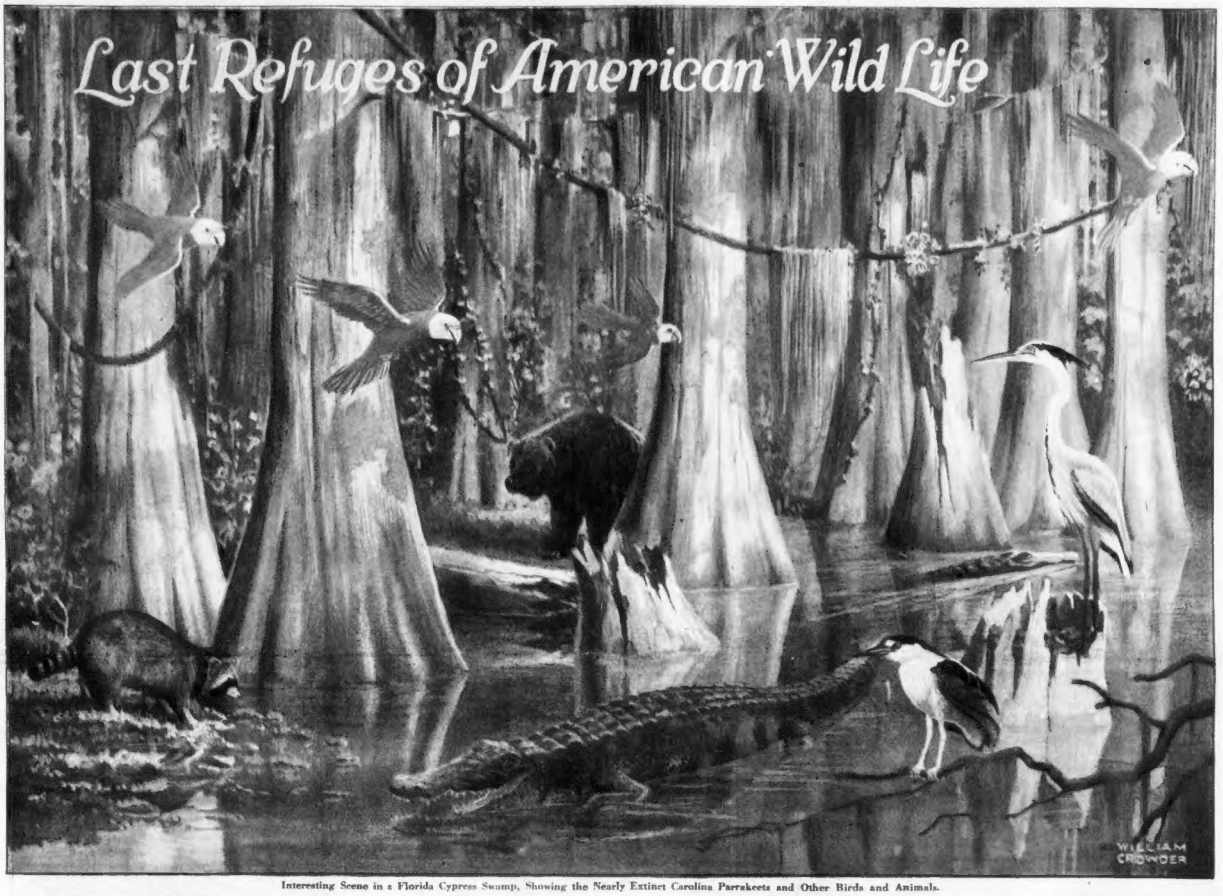
Make Your Selections From Our Large Assortments in Each Line

Worcester IVER JOHNSON SPORTING GOODS CO. Fitchburg
155-157 WASHINGTON ST., Cor. Cornhill, BOSTON

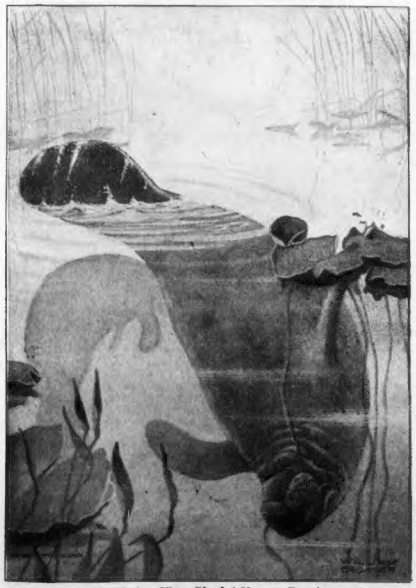
TEETH AT LOW PRICES
PLATES Repaired 1 HR.
1 DAY Service for Out of town patients
12 DAYS SPECIAL OFFER
Reduction On All PLATES
Satisfactory Fitting Lower Plates
Constructed by modern technique with satisfactory results
UNITED DENTAL SYSTEM 172 Tremont St. Cor. Avery
Entire 3rd Floor
Dr. D. H. Stanis—Surgeon Dentist, F. S. Notis—Plate Technician, Inc.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser
Copyright, 1934, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.
Sunday, Dec. 16, 1934

Last Refuges of American Wild Life



Interesting Scene in a Florida Cypress Swamp, Showing the Nearly Extinct Carolina Parrakeets and Other Birds and Animals.



The Curious Warm-Blooded Manatee Found From Florida to Mexico.

A STRANGE and fascinating spectacle would meet the eye if all the rare wild animals of America were gathered together in one place.

No region probably contains so many of these animals as the cypress swamps of the Florida Everglades. The large picture herewith, painted by Mr. William Crowder, an artist familiar with American wild life, shows an interesting group of such creatures. The bright hued birds in the upper part are Carolina parrakeets, members of the parrot family that were once abundant in the Southern States, but are now nearly extinct owing to their persistent slaughter by bird catchers and sportsmen.

Bears are normally dwellers in temperate regions, but there is a black bear that roams the swamps and other remote Southern spots. It is a timid creature, and lives chiefly on berries and other fruits. It also enjoys insects for a change, and turns over sticks and stones in search of ants, which it licks up with much pleasure.

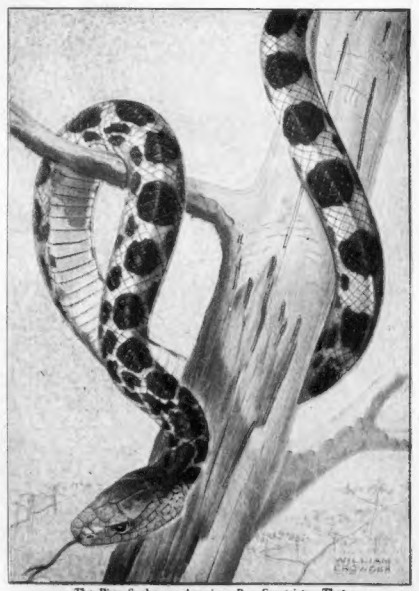
Some beautiful birds still existing in the South are also shown. On the tree stump at the lower right is Ward's heron, a stately bird which lives in large rookeries in the cypress swamps. The black-crowned night heron, shown on the tree branch, is most active at night, but is also on the lookout for food during the day. It lives on small fish and frogs.

At the lower left is the well-known raccoon, which does not appear to be in danger of extinction. The swamps supply the coon with frogs, crawfish, birds' eggs, berries and other foods which it likes so much.

The alligator does not receive much sympathy, but it is really a rather harmless and picturesque animal. Its extinction in the wild seems not far distant, but it is now being bred in captivity with success. Its skin has a value that makes it the target of commercial hunters and others who kill it for diversion.

Americans in general do not know that boa constrictors exist in their country, but the Southern pine snake, sometimes called the bull snake and the white gopher snake, belongs to this family. It lives largely on squirrels, rabbits and other small animals, which it enfolds in its coils and crushes to death. It is not considered dangerous to man, but some specimens reach a length of eight feet, and it would be decidedly unpleasant to become entangled with one. These snakes are also very fond of birds' eggs, and climb tall trees to find them.

The curious animal, the manatee, is said by some writers to have been the original of the fascinating mermaid, but a glance at its face seems to disprove the theory. Manatees are warm-blooded animals, and sometimes attain a length of thirteen feet and a weight of 1,200 pounds. They are found in lagoons and river estuaries all the way from Florida to Mexico. Strict laws have been passed for their protection, for the hunters loved them not for their charms but for their food value.

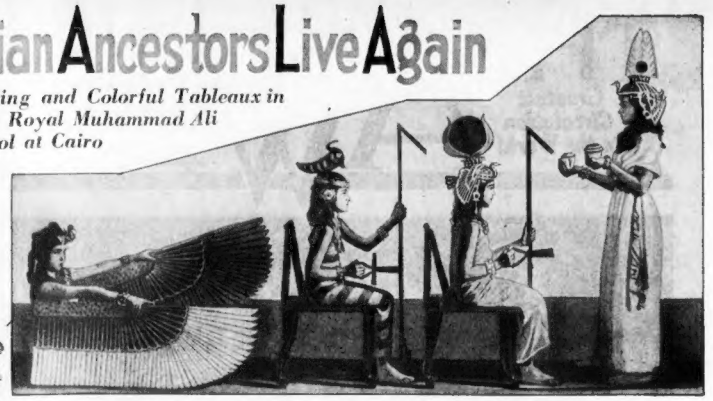


The Pine Snake, an American Boa Constrictor That Crushes Rabbits and Squirrels.

Making Their Ancient Egyptian Ancestors Live Again

Striking and Colorful Tableaux in the Royal Muhammad Ali School at Cairo

Modern Egyptian Girls Posed as a Painting of the Blind Harpist From the Tomb of Nakhet.



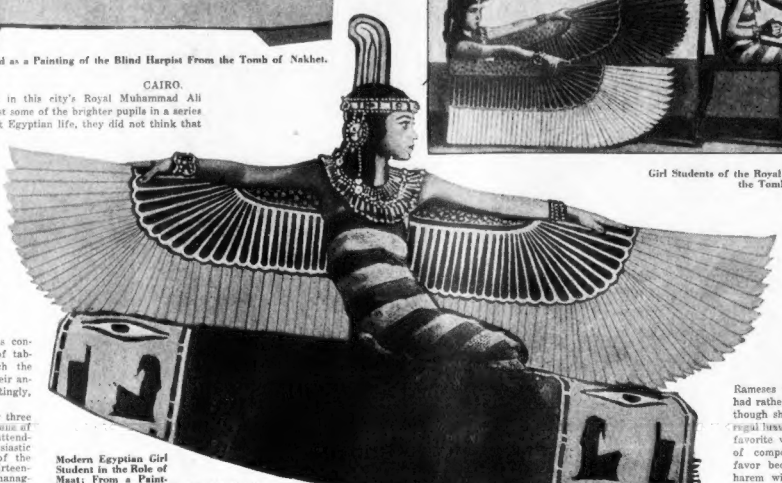
Girl Students of the Royal Muhammad Ali School, Bringing to Life a Wall-Painting of the Tomb of Queen Nefertari, Wife of Rameses II.

CAIRO.

WHEN the instructors in this city's Royal Muhammad Ali School decided to cast some of the brighter pupils in a series of tableaux of ancient Egyptian life, they did not think that they were doing anything that would be of more than passing interest to the youngsters or their parents.

The idea was neither new nor original, for school children all over the world parade in pageants intended to revive some of the dramatic highlights of their countries' history. But the citizens of the Egyptian capital, foreign as well as native, found the amateur show on the stage of the school so fascinating that the original performance was continued into a whole series of tableaux and playlets in which the dusky boys and girls make their ancient ancestors come interestingly, if not very expertly, to life.

The photographs show only three of the dozens of scenes from six of the performances which was attended by several hundred enthusiastic spectators. At the center of the page is a picture of a thirteen-year-old pupil of the school managing to look remarkably like a bas-relief from the walls of the tomb of Thothmes III, who ruled the Land of the Nile with an iron hand centuries and centuries ago. Many people in the audience recalled the weather-beaten carving, and were moved to spontaneous applause at the faithfulness of the pose and the costume.



Modern Egyptian Girl Student in the Role of Maat; From a Painting on the Walls of the Tomb of Thothmes III.

The largest of the pictures above shows a more ambitious scene, a thoughtfully worked out reproduction of a wall painting that graces the tomb of Queen Nefertari, who was the wife of luxury-loving Rameses II. The girl at the right of the picture is playing the role of the queen and is making an offering to Maat, the winged Goddess of Truth. This deity, played by one of the younger pupils of the Royal Muhammad Ali School, was feared and loved by the ancient Egyptians hundreds of years before the dawn of the Christian era.

The two maids seated before the queen in accurate reproductions of the angular chairs that seemed to be the vogue in the Valley of the Nile three or four thousand years ago are also deities—the gods Hathor and Selkis. The costumes and trappings they are wearing are carefully made and add to the truthfulness of the scene from the burial place of one of the most colorful feminine characters in Egyptian history.

Nefertari, if the stories told about Rameses II are true, must have had rather a bad time of it, even though she lived in the midst of regal luxury. She was the king's favorite wife, but she had a lot of competition for her lord's favor because he maintained a harem with at least a hundred other and lesser spouses.

The other photograph shows a group of the modern Egyptian schoolgirls in an animated reproduction of a painting found in the tomb of Nakhet. This scene, with the help of colored lights, was so faithfully reproduced that the audience broke out in appreciative applause.

One high British official who attended the first of the amateur performances, and who frankly confessed that he expected to be bored by the proceedings, remained to praise the idea and the manner of its execution. "For the first time in my life," he said, "many of the historical episodes of ancient Egypt came to life for me. Until I saw these serious, dark-eyed children put on their show, the figures on the old tombs were little more than interesting, inanimate relics to me. They had no flesh and blood significance and conveyed little of the human drama that was played in this part of the world long before Greece and Rome were worthy to be called civilized. If the same sort of thing could be presented by skilled actors and actresses against somewhat more elaborate backgrounds, the performances might well attract world-wide attention."

The instructors of the school are not only interested in the entertainment and instructive phases of the series of tableaux. It is their principal purpose in fostering the revival of interest in the ancients to stimulate national pride.

In the fervor of religious thought which now pervades the country, patriotism has become secondary, and the teachers are anxious to help in the modernisation of Egypt by creating a pride of country in the minds of the younger generation by recalling, by means of the school training, the fact that at one time Egypt was the center of civilization and gave the world the most illustrious of rulers and pedants.

Poor Fish That Half-Swallowed a Ball—and Drowned

The Fish That Drowned in a Lake Near Sacramento, When it Tried to Swallow the Rubber Ball, Found in Its Mouth, as Shown Above.

IT seems a bit fantastic to suggest that a fish might come to an untimely end by drowning, but that's exactly what happened to one of the small-mouthed black bass which make their home in the small lake on the grounds of Sutter Fort, at Sacramento, California. The photograph at the left is proof of the poor fish's unhappy fate.

The unusual tragedy was discovered by a caretaker making his rounds. The man saw an object floating on the surface several yards from the shore and rowed out to find out what the thing was. To his surprise he saw that it was one of the best specimens of bass with a two-inch rubber ball wedged tightly between its gaping jaws. The small teeth of the fish were imbedded in the ball.

Nature did not give the fish the sort of mouth that many snakes have—mouths in which the upper and lower jaws can be "unhinged," if necessary, to take in a meal larger than the snake itself.

Children are allowed to play in the fort reservation and the ball, undoubtedly, had been accidentally tossed overboard by youngsters disporting themselves on the lawn that surrounds the lake. The fish, moved by curiosity and its natural instinct to snap at objects floating on the surface, had grabbed at the toy.

The small-mouthed bass is known to disciples of the late Izaak Walton as a game fish and a wary one. In lakes and streams where there is plenty of natural food, and where fishermen have angled for the bass, they are extremely suspicious of baited hooks and artificial lures—unless they are hungry. They seem to be able to tell the worms and bugs with which Mother Nature provides them from the imitations of these things that fishermen offer them.

The poor fish in the California lake, however, didn't have the benefit of experience picked up by some of his less restricted relatives because fishing is prohibited in the lake where he lived, and died, and life had not taught him that there are some things—among them rubber balls—at which a young bass should never snap.

It was apparent from the teeth marks on the ball that the fish had put up quite a struggle to get the obstruction out of his mouth, for there were several rows of indentations. The position of these dents showed that instead of moving out, the ball had moved in with every effort of the fish to be clear of the object that was stretching his jaws to the limit and making it impossible for him to breathe.

Where's the Other Leg?

BEFORE and after the unusual photograph below was snapped, the horse which the young man was riding was a normally constructed animal with four good legs. But at the instant the picture was taken the right hind leg mysteriously disappeared.

The photographer insisted that his negative was perfect, that the camera doesn't lie and that his camera recorded everything that was visible at the time he snapped the shutter.

After considerable argument and discussion about the freak photograph, it was finally figured out that a fly annoyed the mount and, in his protesting kick against the insect, the leg was oddly hidden from sight.

Puzzle Picture! Here Is a Horse That Had Four Legs When the Camera Clicked, and Still Has Four Legs, But Where Did One of Them Go When the Picture Was Snapped? The Photograph Is Unretouched.

Padded Cell for Sane Prisoner Who Insisted on Eating Jail's Glassware

WHEN the authorities in charge of the Los Angeles County jail began to miss electric light bulbs, lamp globes, drinking glasses and assorted items of glassware, they suspected that some trusty with taking ways might be doing a little rehearsing against the day when he would be free to resume the light-fingered practices that had brought him to the institution. But the annoying acts of petty thievery, after some watchful waiting, were laid at the barred door of one Robert E. Buckley, a prisoner serving six months for making the social error of receiving stolen property.

Mr. Buckley, it seems, is afflicted with that curious disease that inspires people to eat such oddities as glass, nuts and bolts, hairpins, razor blades and carpet tacks. Confronted with the accusation that he had cost the State considerable money by dining on the institution's equipment, he confessed that his appetite for glass was so insistent that he couldn't help filching—and munching—a light globe, or a water glass, now and then. To him, a frosted globe was more satisfying than a sirloin steak smothered in onions, or a generous wedge of apple pie a la mode. Why he felt that way he didn't know. He just craved glass and once, when he had felt especially ravenous, he departed a little from his diet of bulbs and globes and consumed three old razor blades that a fellow prisoner had hidden away.

The alienists had a careful look at Mr. Buckley and asked him several leading questions, but it was their judgment that he is perfectly sane, except for his unorthodox appetite. The jail authorities, however, thought that it would wise to remove Mr. Buckley from temptation, in his own interest and for the good of the institution. So they moved him to a padded cell and installed a special metal cage over the single light bulb so that the prisoner couldn't get at it.

There were rumors at the time the glass-eating prisoner was shifted to quarters ordinarily reserved for the violently insane that he had pleaded with his keepers to bring him an occasional dish of broken glass with his meals. He wouldn't insist on usable light bulbs and such, but would be content with fragments of dishes, cups and saucers that might be accidentally broken in the prison kitchen.

So far as Mr. Buckley's health and happiness were concerned, his keepers might have complied with his unusual request, because he appeared to suffer no ill effects from his strange eating habits. But the officials in charge of the jail put thumbs down on any such idea. The institution sets a good table for places of its kind and they saw no reason why Mr. Buckley couldn't eat his stew, his corned beef hash and his good, nourishing porridge as well as the other prisoners. Besides, if his crockery diet made him sick—or he should die in an attack of indigestion—the blame would be on their heads.

The prisoner denied that he was trying to speed up his demise by eating the stuff he did and thought that he must be, in some way, related to those Indian fakirs who astound onlookers by topping off a meal of broken bottles with a handful of ten-penny nails.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Robert E. Buckley, Who Though Not Insane, Almost Drives His Jailers Crazy by Eating Up All the Glass He Can Find in the Prison in Addition to Feasting on His Fellow Prisoners' Razor Blades.

109 She Enjoys Smoking Cigarettes

MOST of the comparatively few humans who live to celebrate their one-hundredth birthday have little energy left to do much except review the events of their exceptionally long lives and wait, as patiently as possible, for the inevitable end.

But Dr. Marie De Goliere Davenport, of Boston, who confesses to 109 years, is still filled with what the French call "joie de vive"—the joy of living. One of her greatest pleasures is smoking cigarettes—and she has no qualms that the habit will stunt her growth or shorten her days.

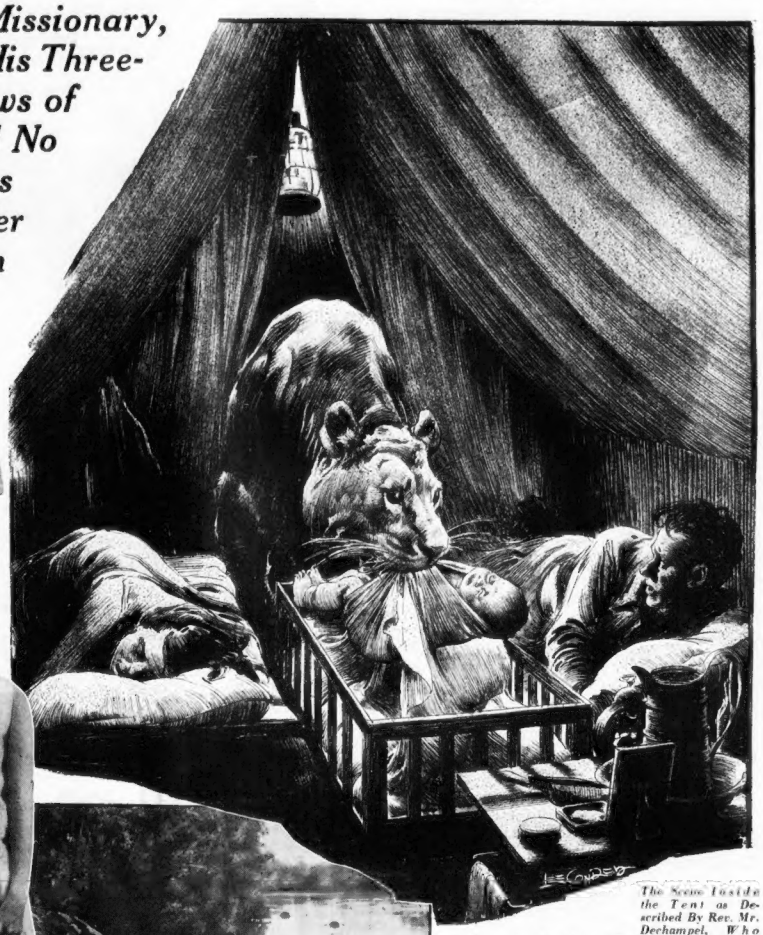
Dr. Davenport spends much of her time reading philosophy but still finds the time and the energy to lecture, meet people and travel. Smoking, she says, invites relaxation and reflection, and a trip around the world is as enlightening as years of book learning.

© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Their Sleeping Baby Carried Off by a Lonely Lioness

Rev. Mr. Dechampel, African Missionary, Wakes in His Tent and Sees His Three-Months-Old Infant in the Jaws of a Jungle Mother Who Had No Cubs of Her Own

Little Joan, the Three-Months-Old Baby of the Dechampels, Who Was Carried Off by the Lioness.



The Scene Inside the Tent as Described By Rev. Mr. Dechampel, Who Awoke to See the Lioness Slinking Noiselessly Out With the Sleeping Baby in Its Jaws. In This Sketch the Mosquito Canopies Are Omitted.

LUANSHYA, Northern Rhodesia.

ABOUT midnight the face of a lioness peered out of the wall of high grass, surrounding Missionary Edouard Dechampel's camp, deep in the Northern Rhodesian jungle, near the African Congo.

She stood there a long time, as shown by her footprints, her eyes blazing with reflected fire from the hurricane lamp, as she looked down upon fifty Negro natives, sleeping on mattresses hastily made of that same high, dry grass. Some were armed with rifles, some only with spears, and beyond them, nearer the bank of the Kafue River, stood a canvas tent where slept the missionary, his wife and their baby, Joan, three months old.

Most all hunters who really know the big game of Africa agree that all wild animals fear and shun man. Even the "king of beasts" and his "queen," hide from the sight of him and run from his faintest scent. Only when desperate from hunger will the lion stalk a human being.

This lioness was driven by no such need, because she had just killed an antelope and dined heavily. Any hunter knowing that much and that the lioness had stumbled upon fifty specimens of a creature she fears as much as man fears a lion would have prophesied that the great cat would remove herself at top speed from the vicinity.

But this lioness had not stumbled on them. The wind was blowing from the river, across the sandy soil of the camp and into the field of elephant grass, where her tracks showed that she must have been stealthily moving forward, one paw at a time, like a house cat stalking a sparrow. And all that time her nostrils must have been full of that terrifying human scent. Amid the babel of noises, chopping, shouting, laughing and singing, her sharp, jungle ears caught a strange sound, the cry of a very young baby.

That was what she wanted—and yet she was not hungry. It had sounded like the crying of one of her own cubs.

Not till midnight did her soundless approach bring the stealthy brute within sight of that camp. Then, slowly, the powerful muzzle with its questioning nostrils and wiry whiskers, poked through the wall of grass. Long before that the last Negro, tired from an extra long march, had gone to sleep. The fire had died down, there was no moon, but overhead the stars of a typical, cloudless Congo night, and from the top of a pole came the feeble gloam of a kerosene hurricane lantern. Not much light for a human being, but plenty for the nocturnal eye of the night-prowling cat family.

The nose and ears of this lioness had been warming her for hours that she was approaching a considerable number of men, and now her eyes confirmed it. Lions cannot count, but she saw a small army of powerful specimens of the human race, not counting the three in the tent.

It is perhaps fair to say that it took as much nerve for a lioness to pass through these fifty sleeping men and steal the man-cub from that tent as it would for a man to pass through fifty sleeping lions, into a cave and steal a lion cub. Probably no man ever wanted a lion cub quite that badly, but the lioness thought it worth taking the chance.

Only the marks of her cushioned paws told how she picked her way between the sleepers, evidently stopping here and there to sniff one over but careful not to touch a face or let a hot breath fall on it. In two instances the animal found it necessary to step over a sleeping form, and did so without touching the crude grass mattress on which he lay. Thoughtful sniffing had told her that to step on the grass might disturb the slumberer.

At last the tawny kidnaper reached the tent, to her a strange sort of canvas cave, reeking with that ominous man-smell. Inside must be the little human cub, because it was not outside. The lioness took ample time, circling the tent again and again, no doubt sniffing and considering every peg and rope. Each time her circuit brought her to the front door, facing the river, she seems to have paused and looked in through the flap, open for ventilation. The blazing eyes that stared in saw three cots, two full-sized ones, on which lay the minister and his wife. Between, on a little folding crib, slept their baby daughter.

The lioness having learned all she needed to know, or at least could figure out about the outside of the canvas "cave," found herself faced with another one inside. It was one of the mosquito canopies, covering each of the three sleepers, but to her must have appeared to be made of some sort of magic, transparent, night mist.

Probably there was much cautious sniffing and dainty touching with a paw before she was certain that it was frail but nevertheless not mist. There being no opening in the baby's canopy, the lioness had no choice but to rip it aside.

She did this, and then opening those mighty jaws, reached down into the little cot, picking up the baby and its little pillow so gently that it made no outcry. Apparently the little one had no suspicion that it was not being handled by its own mother, if it awoke at that time at all. But in ripping the netting the lioness shook the canopy over Mr. Dechampel's cot enough to disturb him, and he thought his wife had gotten up.

No, there she was sleeping peacefully on the other side of the tent. But by the light of the hanging lantern outside the tent his sleepy eye saw the head of a lioness. She was cautiously backing out through the tent flap. And in her mouth, held so gently that it had not awakened, was his baby. Startled, yet more than half believing it a nightmare, the missionary sat up and gazed thunderstruck at the little empty cot.

The husband's first instinct was to protect his wife from the dreadful news until he was certain of it himself. Hurrying out of the tent, he saw a swift, soundless shadow go bounding through the circle of sleeping men and disappear into the ocean of grass. Just at that instant the father's heart leaped with hope, because he saw a white object fall from the animal's mouth. But it was not his little daughter, only her baby pillow, carried along that far with the still sleeping infant.

The baby was gone, into that grass, almost tall enough to hide an elephant. A little beyond lay the brush, and beyond that the trackless, inky blackness of the jungle. If ever a creature seemed hopelessly doomed, its life not worth a penny, it was that three-months-old baby in the jaws of a lioness, bounding through the night toward the jungle.

Mrs. Dechampel, Who Waited Hopelessly in Camp While the Search for Her Baby Was Going On.

Northern Rhodesia, Near the African Congo, the Picturesque Region Where the Dechampels Were Camping When the Lioness Made the Raid Upon Their Tent.

Hopeless, but he had to try, and it was impossible to hide the news from his wife. Mr. Dechampel shouted at the Negroes, who started up from their dreams, heavy with sleep and unable to believe for a moment that a lion would do such a reckless thing. The white man had to snatch the hurricane lantern and show the tracks before they realized it.

After that it was the blacks who knew what to do better than their white boss and his agonized wife. They fired off every gun they had, beat dishpans and shouted in hopes of startling the beast into dropping its plunder. Sometimes, though not often, a sudden din had been known to make a lion do that very thing.

Lions have raided native huts, the more substantial homes of the whites, and even boarded railroad trains to carry off children. Those cases had been animals driven by drought-starvation. This one had a very different motive and, having passed through the strain of stealing that twelve-pound morsel of cub-hood, was not going to be bluffed out of her plunder by mere noise.

A moment of the uproar, and then the Negroes held up their hands in gestures of silence. Out of the silence and already far away, came a thin wail, answered by a scream from the tent, where the missionary saw his wife fall in a faint. The noise had awakened the baby in the lion's mouth.

The Rev. Mr. Edouard Dechampel, the Missionary.

At this the father lost all thought except to pursue. A rifle in one hand, the lantern in the other, he called to his men to follow and dashed off in the general direction of that cry. They thrashed and stumbled around blindly for a few minutes, and then stopped again to listen.

Again came the cry, fainter, further away and in an entirely new direction. Again they plunged and stumbled in that accursed elephant grass. When next they stopped to listen there was no answering cry to guide them. The Negroes now told the white man that this was foolish. He might be very wise about his Bible, medicine and many other things, but surely this was not the way to follow a lioness.

Of course, Mr. Dechampel knew this, but you could hardly expect a father with that cry in his ears to reason calmly. However, they now persuaded him to go back to the camp and start the hopeless task right.

Leaving the cook boy and a couple of others to guard the frantic mother, they started following the trail methodically. Mrs. Dechampel called after them:

"I know there is no hope, but don't come back until you know. We have to know. I'll go crazy if I don't know."

Nobody tried to reassure her. Since there was no hope, it was better that she should be preparing herself for the inevitable. Surely, though with painful slowness, they were able to follow the clear trail where a heavy body had trampled the grass. On the other side they lost the trail in the brush and had to wait for dawn to find it. Finally it led them into the jungle, and there they lost it hopelessly until one of the black boys had an idea. He remembered that a small stream bent around some distance ahead. Cats hate water. This one would have to get out of the jungle or get her feet wet. On this theory they skirted the jungle a couple of miles and, sure enough, picked up the trail again.

The marks indicated that the lioness was moving leisurely, as if confident that she had shaken off pursuit. About noon the trail led them to a series of ledges and then seemed to vanish into thin air. As they stood perplexed, there came a faint, distant but unmistakable wail. Instantly the father started crashing through the bush toward it, but two of the boys grasped him.

"Master, no!" they pleaded. "Not like that. We must stalk. We must creep on our bellies. We must be stealthier than the lion now."

For an hour, under a broiling tropic sun, they crept one after the other, like a human snake, following those cries. Each time these reached the father's ears he had all he could do to restrain himself. But the cries were growing stronger and angrier. At last Mr. Dechampel peeped into a clearing and beheld one of the strangest sights that ever met a human eye.

There was his baby daughter on the grass, very angry, and telling the world that fact. Beside her, like a worried mother, crouched the lioness, trying to pacify her as she would one of her own cubs, by tenderly licking the baby's face. The trouble was that a lion's tongue feels like wet sandpaper, and this human baby did not like it at all.

Mr. Dechampel had to move some distance to one side so the baby would not be in the line of fire. Before he could do this the lioness saw him, uttered a couple of angry coughs and charged as if in protection of her own offspring. The missionary dropped her at the first shot and found his baby unharmed except that its face and neck were almost raw from that well-meant, motherly but awful tongue.

There was much speculation as to why the animal kidnaped the child. The best opinion is that through some disaster the lioness had just lost her own cubs and simply adopted the Dechampel baby. African baboons and even wolves have adopted and brought up human babies, and now a lioness has tried it.

The lion is one of the worst fathers and husbands in the animal kingdom, so bad that in the wild it is believed that the lioness divorces her mate every year to try another, with no better luck. The lioness, however, is one of Nature's best mothers, ready to die for her cubs while the male goes bounding away toward the nearest cover. Her maternal instinct is doubtless very strong.

It is the duty of the Dechampels to make long, arduous jungle tours to inspect a scattered chain of native missions in darkest Africa. After three years of married life the arrival of the baby was quite a problem. It was born in their lonely station in the heart of the Congo jungle.

Three months later it was imperative that Mr. Dechampel resume his tour. He could not leave his wife because there was no other white person for nearly one hundred miles and, of course, the baby had to go with the mother.

With Mrs. Dechampel and the baby carried in a shaded hammock and fifty stalwart natives besides himself to guard them, they were safe enough against any peril he could think of.

But he had certainly not thought that a bereaved lioness might adopt his child.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Special Menu for Dogs in This Paris Restaurant

"Now," Says the Kind Mistress, "what will Fifi have to eat?" Fifi, Yearning for a Bone and an Alley to Eat It In, Knows Pommes de Terre (Potatoes) Are Not Good for Dogs.

The Special Menu, Which Offers a Wide Variety of Dog Food.

The Waiter Comes, and Fifi Still Frowns. All This Fuss Over Dinner Is Boring. But Mistress Says There'll Be No Dessert Until Fifi Has Feasted.

Below—So Fifi Digs In, and Behold—

The Plate Is Empty, and Mistress Daintily Wipes Fifi's Face With a Nice Canine Napkin.

PHOTOS © BY AMALGAMATED PRESS PHOTO SERVICE

FOR many years the French capital has boasted its well-equipped clinics for ailing and indisposed dogs and special beauty salons where the pampered pets can be bathed, marcelled and manicured at about the same prices charged for similar services rendered their fastidious mistresses. But it was only a few weeks ago that the "toutous" of Paris—bow-wows, in plain English—could drop into a restaurant of their own and feast themselves on special canine dishes prepared by a white-frocked and mustachioed chef who specializes in "doggy" delicacies.

This unique eating place, in the city's famous and fashionable Champs Elysees, seems to be more than just another passing Parisian innovation for the restaurant is doing more business than it did in the prosperous boom days just before the outbreak of the World War. Almost every afternoon its tables are crowded with smartly dressed women accompanied by enough canine pets to stage a dog show. Strolling crowds walk back and forth on the sidewalk intrigued by the spectacle.

The restaurant still caters to human patrons, of course, but with the "carte du jour" is a smaller menu on which the canine dishes are listed. It is a smart, typically French menu on which such familiar edibles as bones, dog biscuit and mush are not to be found. The dishes sound good enough for the most exacting of gourmets.

For example, there is "La Patee de Bouky." This high-sounding dish is, according to a line of explanatory small type, a mixture of soup, bread and potatoes. If Madame, or Mademoiselle, does not think that her "toutou" would find such a meal enjoyable, she may pass it up for one of a half dozen other items with equally interesting names.

For pups that just can't get along without their meat, there is "Le Regal de Nice," a tasty potpourri of clear soup, new carrots and meat ground up very fine, and "La Gourmandise du Colisee," an even more complicated dish composed of hashed meat, rice, ribbon vermicelli and blood squeezed from fresh meat.

With especial thought to pampered pets that may be afflicted with weak stomachs, or digestive disorders, the chef in charge of the restaurant's canine kitchen devised what he chooses to call "Le Caniphos specialite Duquesne." This dish sounds good enough for human consumption and is fashioned of a biscuit of dried beans and carefully selected meat served in warm soup.

Some bow-wows, it appears, find meat distasteful to their palates and detrimental to their health. The chef has not overlooked these four-footed patrons. For them he has concocted a special all-vegetable plate composed of spinach, new carrots and string beans, English style.

Other Parisian restaurateurs, inspired by the success of the Champs Elysees establishment—and the opportunity to add to their store of francs—are said to be contemplating extending their service to the "toutous" of their patrons.

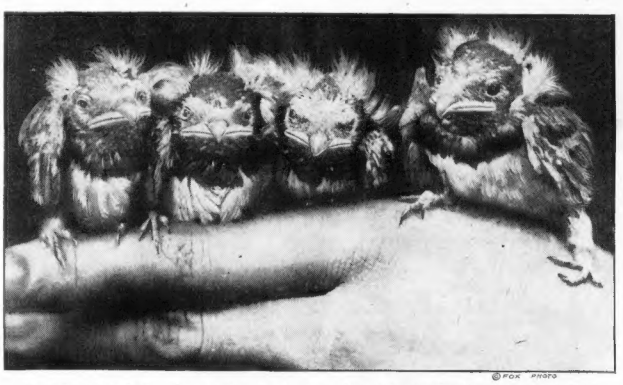
Baby Birds Out of Season

ABOUT the time that the English swallows in Loughton, a community about fifty miles northwest of London, were getting out on their annual migration to warmer climes someone observed one family of swallows that couldn't make the trip—because the four youngsters in the menage were born too late in the season.

Just what went awry no one knows, but the mother didn't hatch her eggs until about the time that her offspring should have been well feathered and well enough versed in the art of flying to wing off into the South with the rest of the swallows in the vicinity.

The father and mother seemed to understand that they had made a serious mistake, and they fussed about their nest when the yearly flight began. They chattered at the departing birds, but couldn't make up their minds to quit their four young ones and join the parade. It was instinctive for them to migrate, but it also was instinctive for them to look after their brood. The maternal and paternal urge won out and the father and mother went busily about the job of teaching the little birds to fly. Apparently they hoped that the lessons would be sufficiently well learned in a week or so in order for them to get away before the cold weather set in.

An alert photographer, hearing about the plight of the family that was, for some reason, born out of season, went to the spot where the nest was and caught a remarkable picture of the big-mouthed youngsters. Their parents refused to pose and hovered about the nest nervously while the picture-taking was going on. Time and again the mother bird "played possum" and dragged one wing along the ground, as though she were wounded, trying to lure the cameraman and his assistant from the young birds.



© FOX PHOTO

The Belated Baby Swallows Recently Hatched at Loughton, England, Perched Confidently on a Man's Hand.

New Way to Kill Bears

IN THE woods of St. John, New Brunswick, there are many bears—not the peanut-begging, civilized bruins that cut up such cute antics in the zoo, but big fellows dangerous to hunters and dogs, even after they have been cornered and given a taste of cold lead. Even the veteran hunters in that part of the world have a healthy respect for the bears they stalk.

It remained for one Lewis Connors, of St. John, to discover a brand-new way of making a safer sport of bear hunting. In the past 40 years Mr. Connors has bagged more bears than he can remember and although he enjoys going after them with a high-powered rifle he sees great advantages in the new method.

A few weeks ago Connors, who had experienced considerable difficulty in tracking down a big bear in his neighborhood, spread a lot of molasses in an area where he had found the animal's big tracks. In the middle of this patch of potent bear bait he put an uncorked bottle of native high wine—a powerful beverage that runs well above the 150-proof mark and ordinarily is diluted four or five times for human consumption.

When the bear had finished lapping up the molasses, he discovered the bottle, took it up in his huge paws and, sitting back on his haunches, drained it. In five minutes he was as drunk as a lord and unable to navigate. After bumping his head against half a dozen trees, he rolled over and, as the phrase goes, passed out.

Mr. Connors, hunting knife in hand, approached the big fellow, gave him a testy kick or two and then plunged the blade into the bear's heart. After this, he says, he'll get his bears drunk, thus making things easier for the hunter and less unpleasant for the quarry.

Builds His Own Flivver Plane That Folds Up to Run on Land

THE air-minded citizens of San Antonio, Texas, are pointing with considerable pride to 21-year-old Marlin Fischer and predicting that one of these days he'll be one of the world's leading aeronautical engineers and have his name linked with the Wrights and the Lindberghs.

Marlin is too modest a fellow to pay much attention to this high praise, but he is proud of the job he did on a home-made plane and is getting a lot of fun and practical experience out of flying the machine, two photographs of which are shown on this page.

Other young men have built airplanes that work, but none of them seems to have exercised the ingenuity of young Fischer or to have turned out an ultra-modern job with so little expenditure of money. This trim ship, which looks as though it might have been built in a factory, is so cleverly designed and made that its wings can be folded back against the fuselage and the machine towed through the streets behind an automobile without causing a traffic jam. In fact, the machine is so compact when it is folded that it doesn't take up any more room than a standard automobile. And the method of collapsing and opening the wings is so simple and ingenious that several airplane designers have studied the machine with a view, perhaps, to making use of a similar idea in the construction of flivver planes.

It was two years ago that Marlin Fischer got it into his head to build himself an airplane—not a flimsy machine that would lead him to the same unhappy fate of Darius Green, the air-minded boy of the poem—but a real plane that would fly fast and with as much safety as a factory-made plane.

The boy, then only 19 years old, had fooled around a little with small models of planes and had acquainted himself with the basic whys and wherefores of flying. He had spent hours at the airport watching the behavior of planes on the ground and in the air. He asked a thousand questions and when he knew what an airplane was all about went home and started to build one around an old motorcycle engine.

He figured every detail carefully. He knew that his machine must not be too heavy, nor too light, but that its weight and its wing area must be accurately adjusted to the power of the small motor. It was his belief that a monoplane would be the ideal machine for his engine and that, in a general way, it should be like the plane that Lindbergh used on his history-making flight from New York to Paris.

Not the least of his construction problems was working out a way for the wings to be opened and closed so that he could have a practical and up-to-date flivver plane that could be towed through the streets and parked in a small space. But he soon solved that problem and went to work in his back yard. His only helper was his 15-year-old brother Henry.

Week after week the plane began to take shape and look more and more like a real ship of the air. Every detail of construction was done painstakingly and tested thoroughly. The job took two years because the young man worked on the machine only in his spare time and because he was so careful to have every detail right. Finally the day came when the ship was complete and ready for its trial run. The materials in it had cost only $80.

Fischer was not so foolhardy as to risk his neck by climbing into the cockpit and attempting to fly right away. He went to the airport and took a course in flying. He was a particularly bright pupil and after less than three hours in the air and half an hour of solo flying the instructor said he was ready to pilot his own plane.

The first flight went off smoothly and many subsequent flights have been highly successful. The home-made folding flivver plane can skim through the air at the rate of better than 55 miles an hour, despite its small engine.

SOIBELMAN - PHOTO

All Folded Up, This Plane Can Be Hauled Through City Traffic Without Causing Any Jams.

SOIBELMAN - PHOTO

The Plane Taking Off, Its Wings Having Been Unfolded by a Simple Mechanism.

© 1935, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Artificial Thunderstorms To Conquer Droughts

Professor J. C. Jensen, of Nebraska, Attributes the Recent Disastrous Lack of Rainfall to Widespread Drainage of Swamps and Ponds and Points Out That These Must Be Restored if the Showers Dependent on Them Are to Return

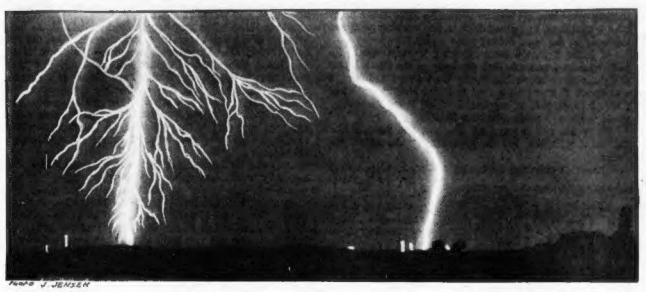


PHOTO J. JENSEN

A Photograph by Professor Jensen, Showing Positive and Negative Lightning Discharges From the Center and the Front of a Thunderstorm. To Cultivate More Thunderstorms Might Mean More Houses or People Struck by Lightning, but Also Would Mean Fewer Droughts.

By PROF. J. C. JENSEN,

Professor of Physics at Nebraska Wesleyan University and Distinguished Investigator of Thunderstorms and Lightning.

EVERYBODY is asking the cause of the drought.

Cattle and other farm animals have died or been prematurely slaughtered. The soil of many farms has been impoverished by being blown away by dust storms. All experts agree that never before in recorded history has the central part of North America been so parched and arid. Politicians, farmers, scientists; all are asking themselves and each other why this catastrophe had to happen.

When will it be over? Will it ever happen again? Has mankind accidentally done something to interfere with Nature and to bring on the disaster?

Radio broadcasting has been blamed by some. Another alleged culprit is the cutting of forests, forgetting that there never were any forests in most of the country where the drought is most severe. Other popular scapegoats are the sunspots, but actual rainfall records prove that this idea also is baseless.

Meanwhile at least one real cause seems to have been the too eager activities of engineers, real estate promoters and others in getting rid of lakes, creeks, swamps, ponds and flooded rivers. And one possible remedy seems to be the artificial cultivation of thunderstorms, such as farmers might cultivate plants or any other crop, although naturally by very different methods.

For more than six years our laboratories at Nebraska Wesleyan University have been watching thunderstorms, photographing them and their lightning flashes and studying how these storms occur and how significant they are for drought and rainfall in the great Middle Western and Plains regions of the United States. There are two important kinds of these thunderstorms. One kind, called a line squall, was typified by the storm several years ago which wrecked the ill-fated airship, the Shenandoah. The other kind is the heat thunderstorm, often occurring on the afternoons of hot Summer days.

Line-squall thunderstorms happen when a mass of cold air from the north or northwest drifts southeastward on top of a layer of warmer air, something which frequently happens in the central part of the United States, when a cyclonic disturbance of the atmosphere, a so-called "low" on the weather map, passes across the country. When this kind of cold-air and warm-air layer-cake exists invisibly in the atmosphere, it often happens that the warmer air underneath starts to rush up suddenly through the colder air above. This frequently creates a thunderstorm, with much or little rain accompanying it, depending on how much water vapor was contained in the uprushing warm air from below.

These line-squall thunderstorms are created or avoided largely by the widespread general movements in the atmosphere, such as the number and strength of the cyclonic disturbances or lows. Of more importance for the problem of what mankind can do to prevent or relieve droughts are the other kind of thunderstorms, the heat storms.

This kind of thunderstorm may occur when the air over 200 or 300 square miles of land becomes overheated by contact with hot ground exposed to intense Summer sunlight. This heated air tends to rise, just as heated air used to lift the old-fashioned balloons in which ascensions were made at county fairs. The rising heated air sets up a violent up and down circulation of the atmosphere and currents that rise high enough above the earth are likely to become so cold that water vapor which they contain is condensed into fog, cloud or rain.

A Wide Canal Through the Dismal Swamp With Drained Land on Each Side, Another Step in ReJamation—and in Drought Making.

This is the condition which causes the heavy, cauliflower-shaped masses of cloud often seen on hot, still days in Summer. If there is only a little moisture in the rising air nothing will happen except the formation of these cloud masses. If the rising air contains a great deal of moisture this will create an actual thunderstorm, usually accompanied by a heavy rain. This effect of the amount of moisture in the air in creating either a "wet" thunderstorm or a "dry" one is what gives man his chance to cultivate these storms and thus provide what may prove to be a most valuable method of fighting drought.

Rainfall statistics for Kansas, Nebraska and surrounding States show how important this may be. About two-thirds of the year's rainfall in this region comes between the first of April and the end of August, which covers the growing seasons for most of the important farm crops. Rain during September also is useful to some crops. If this month is added to the Summer total about three-fourths of the average year's rainfall is included.

More important still is the fact that at least four-fifths of the rain which falls during this all-important growing season is to be credited to thunderstorms. Thunderstorm rain, then, is the greatest single waterer of crops in the central part of the continent. If the number and violence of thunderstorms can be increased only a little more houses may be struck by lightning, perhaps there may be a revival of the old-fashioned tornadoes which used to frighten the early settlers, but there also will be much less drought.

One thing which helps to create thunderstorms of the heat variety is probably beyond human control. This is the amount of heat received from the sun and which goes to overheat the lower air next to the ground.

What can be influenced, however, is whether the warm rising air will contain much or little moisture. This means influencing whether the thunderstorm will be a wet one with plenty of rain or a dry one with nothing but a useless display of clouds. The way to do this is to increase the humidity of the air.

When settlers first began to carve farms out of the plains and prairies in this region, almost every river had a broad marshy bed dotted with many shallow lakes. The smaller creeks which fed these rivers also had many lakelets and marshy spots along their courses. In almost every square mile of the country there were ponds and swampy spots which filled up with rainwater and stood wet for a few days or weeks after a storm, even if they were not permanent water bodies. Here and there over the region were larger swamps, lakes and marshes hundreds of square miles in extent.

Developers of real estate and other heralds of progress objected to all this "waste land." Often the swamps had unpleasant smells. Snakes or other undesirable creatures were supposed to live in them. It was claimed, perhaps with considerable truth, that swamps and marshes bred undesirable insects and helped to increase and spread disease. So nearly all the swamps and lakes have been drained. Land which they once occupied has been reclaimed and added to farms. Rivers have been straightened and regularized, so that the water in them runs off as quickly as possible to the sea.

Undoubtedly some of this change and "improvement" has been beneficial. Much flood damage has been prevented. Some really valuable land has been reclaimed. It is possible that disease has been reduced, although so many other and quite different sanitary changes have been made at the same time that it is impossible to say just which of them have been chiefly responsible for the improvement of health which undoubtedly has happened.

Meanwhile, the progress of drainage, flood control and lake reclamation has been opposed only by a few old-fashioned people who like to look at lakes and mill ponds, by a few artists and lovers of natural scenery and so on. Not even these opponents of "progress" suspected that it was ruining the country.

Yet this seems very likely to have been true. Whenever man interferes with the natural balance of Nature unexpected and unhappy results are likely to follow. Introduction of English sparrows into America has almost exterminated other and more desirable birds. When the mongoose was brought from India to certain West Indian islands to exterminate snakes, the snakes indeed decreased but the islands now are fighting a mongoose plague. It seems probable that something like this happened as a result of too much drainage and improvement of waterways in the Middle West.

This could be proved if anyone had exact statistics of the numbers of thunderstorms in this region two or three generations ago and of the amounts of rain which fell in these storms. Unfortunately, while the early settlers left many accounts of individual tornadoes and other storms which were especially violent, destructive or otherwise noteworthy, no one took the trouble to keep the continuous, accurate and widespread storm records which would provide science with useful information.

It certainly is true, however, that the past year's drought also has seen a large number of "dry" thunderstorms, in which the heated air rose as usual, the large cloud masses formed, even some raindrops collected and started toward the earth, but with no actual rain. Raindrops formed high in the air dried up to nothing on the way down, due to the heat and dryness of lower air strata. Had this lower air contained more moisture, at least fifty or sixty per cent of relative humidity, there would have been more raindrops to begin with and these would not have evaporated during their fall. More rain would have been produced. The drought would have been less severe.

As it is, soils have been dried out and the natural cover of grasses and similar plants has been killed. In some parts of the west, over-grazing by cattle or sheep has helped this. Such dry and unprotected soils blow badly in the wind, so that this year has seen many valuable farms ruined, perhaps for generations, by wind erosion of the fertile top soil or its burial under drifts of wind-blown sand.

All this probably would not have happened had there been still in existence the thousands of pools, swamps, marshes, wide and meandering rivers and similar features of the landscape which once did exist and which caught and held for a time a large part of the rainfall and allowed much of this captured rain to evaporate again into the air and increase the humidity of the atmosphere.

In this natural condition, much of the water was used over and over again. Some water fell as rain in one storm and some of it was absorbed by the soil and used by plants. The rest ran into the nearest marsh or pool, where much of it again evaporated into the air. Presently, a thunderstorm started, much of this recently evaporated water fell once more as rain, giving the soil and the plant roots a new chance to rapture it.

Nowadays, with most of the ponds and marshes drained and the rivers straightened, nearly all of the rainwater runs off as rapidly as possible through the narrow and fast-flowing rivers into the sea. Rains must come chiefly from the sea winds, which have a long way to go and lose a great deal of their original water before they can get as far from the sea coast as Kansas or Nebraska.

Not only might more ponds and lakes increase the number of "wet" thunderstorms and the amount of rain provided by each, but the actual paths of these over the ground might be influenced. As a part of the thunderstorm studies which have been carried out in our laboratories, barographs to record air pressure are maintained at four points near Lincoln, distant several miles from each other. A small creek flows through this group of barograph stations. The paths of thunderstorms crossing the regions can be followed and their intensities measured approximately by the records of the instruments. On many occasions we have observed that these thunderstorms nearly always follow the course of the small creek, presumably because the air just above the creek is a little more moist than elsewhere, attracts the center of the thunderstorm and creates more rain in that central part of it.

During the past eighteen years the figures show that the rainfall of Colorado has been increasing slowly, while that of Nebraska has been decreasing. There seem also to have been slight increases in rainfall in irrigated sections of Wyoming, with parallel decreases in parts of neighboring States which have not been irrigated. Such results might easily follow from higher humidity in the irrigated areas, due to more evaporation of water from ditches and other exposed surfaces and from the leaves of plants. This phase of the problem certainly is of sufficient importance to justify careful scientific investigation.

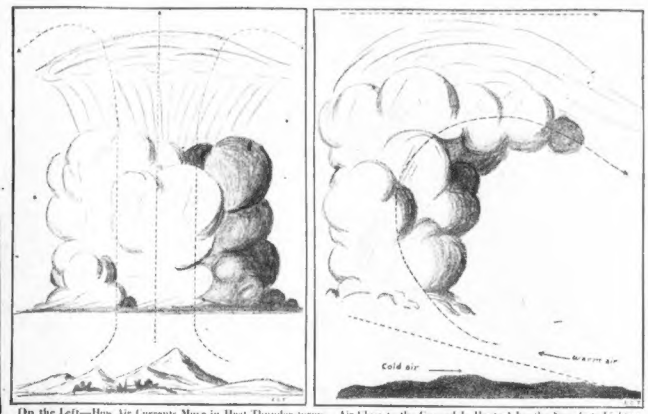
Another advantage of providing more ponds, marshes and wide streams, if carried out on a large scale, would be to aid human comfort by lessening the heat waves which reached such dangerous extremes this year. Every pound of water evaporated from the surface of a lake or pond absorbs from the air in the neighborhood about one thousand British thermal units of heat; as much heat as would be generated by burning more than an ounce of the best coal. The cooling effect of this on the air next to the ground would be considerable, in precisely the same way as the evaporation of perspiration from the skin of a human being provides an important cooling effect in hot weather.

More humidity in the air would raise the temperature at which dew precipitates at night and accordingly would increase the amount of dew deposited on the ground and on plant leaves, again with significant benefit to plants and probably to human comfort also.

Both the increased rainfall and the holding back in ponds and lakes of much of the water now run off too quickly into the larger rivers would raise the water level in the ground and make it easier to get water from wells. If as many of the ponds and lakes as possible were surrounded with fringes of trees, the effect would be much the same as the wide "tree belt" recently proposed by President Roosevelt's advisers, and would have the added advantage of helping to cultivate more thunderstorms, which the tree-belt plan, so far as we know, would not do.

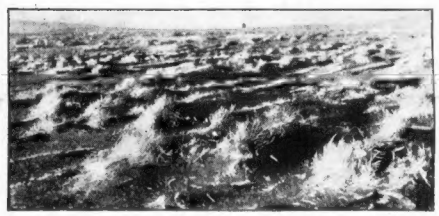
There would be little use, however, in a few ponds or marshes here and there on land that nobody wants. Any plan of fighting drought by cultivated thunderstorms must provide a pond or a marsh somewhere on practically every square mile of land, high or low, and hills as well as flat land or rolling plains. It would require building thousands of dams across ravines and gullies, many of which have been laboriously deepened and drained under the previous idea. Hundreds of drainage ditches from lakes and ponds must be blocked up.

Water thus stored from Summer rains or Winter snows and Spring freshets necessarily will cover a good deal of land now included in farms, but since crop limitation is already agreed upon as a desirable policy for American agriculture, this will work no great hardship. It would be much more sensible to compensate farmers out of Government funds for turning some of their poorer fields into permanent ponds than to pay them merely for consenting not to plant quite so much land in crops.

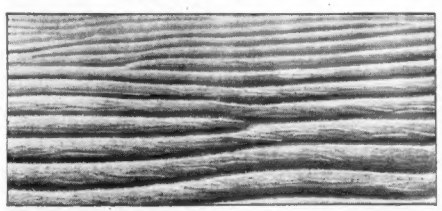


On the Left—How Air Currents Move in Heat Thunderstorms. Air Close to the Ground Is Heated by the Sun, Gets Lighter, and Rises in a Kind of Gigantic Fountain. High in the Air the Rising Column Cools Off and Condenses Its Moisture as Cloud or Rain. And Right—How Air Currents Move in a Line Squall Thunderstorm. A Wedge of Cold Air Blows in Beneath a Layer of Warmer Air, Forcing Some of This to Rise in a Giant Eddy. This Cools the Rising Air and Condenses the Moisture It Contains.

Land in Arizona Covered With Grass, Whose Cover Prevents the Soil From Blowing Away in Times of Drought.



The Same Kind of Land Which Has Been Too Much Dried Out or Too Closely Grazed by Cattle, and Over Which Erosion by Wind Has Begun, as Shown by the Formation of Small Dunes.



The Same Kind of Land, Originally Covered With Grass, but Now Entirely Denuded. The Ripples Are Fine Sand and the Land Well on Its Way to Become a Desert, Another Example of the Overturning of Nature's Balances by Man Similar to the Swamp and Pond Drainage.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

How Much Brains Do Cats Have?

DOG lovers have no doubt in their minds that dogs are much more intelligent and affectionate than cats. But Mr. F. Magnuf Pugh, a lifelong student of cats, has declared that many observations and episodes have convinced him of the remarkable adaptability of the cat to human civilized life. The essential difference between the cat and other domestic animals he believes, lies in the fact that the cat alone in all circumstances retains its independence. Sometimes the horse seems to realize his position and resents the loss of his independence and then becomes what is called a spirited or obstinate animal.

But the cat does not need to be either spirited or obstinate, though he can be on occasions. Mr. Pugh has found that as a rule a self-possessed calm characterizes the domestic cat, which is, above all things, the closest equivalent in the animal kingdom of a "man of the world."

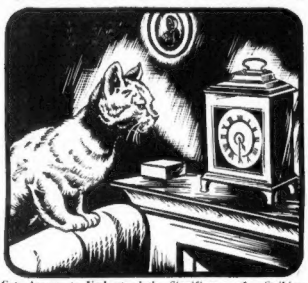
Cats can think and often they use their paws almost as if they were hands. One cat owned by friends of Mr. Pugh was given a house with a door that bolted and quickly learned to open the door from either side.

Although independent by nature, cats will place implicit confidence in their masters, and this confidence can sometimes be embarrassing. One, whose wanderings often took it far afield, seemed to be able to recognize at great distances members of the family with which it lived. It would meet them in unexpected roads and accompany them home.

Mr. Pugh knew one cat that had the idea that anything a human being ate would also be good for a cat. Consequently it insisted upon sampling such unlikely fare as chocolate blancmange, but when it did so the expression on its furry face was a study. Slowly it licked its whiskers, and steadily regarded the people at the dining-table, obviously, they liked chocolate blancmange.

The cat paused. Clearly he thought, "Well, if you like the stuff it must be good." Then he gravely finished the contents of the saucer, but with many intervals to consider the peculiar diet, and to take heart from contemplating the humans.

The superior hearing and sense of smell of the cat are



Cats Appear to Understand the Significance of a Striking Clock, but Only One Known to Mr. Pugh Was Actually Able to Read the Dial. The Cat Never Failed to Know When It Was 5:30 P. M., When It Would Look at the Clock and Go Outside to Meet Its Human Friend.

common knowledge, but its powers of observation and its ability to judge the passage of time, and even to "keep appointments," are not so widely known.

Many cats in suburban homes, for example, know the difference between a week-end and a working day; on Sunday morning they begin to demand breakfast about half-past eight, but on Monday they will be clamoring for it an hour earlier.

Cats appear to understand the significance of a striking clock, but only one known to Mr. Pugh was actually able to read the dial. Had he not seen this with his own eyes, Mr. Pugh admits that it would have been difficult for him to believe it. The cat's practice was invariable.

When the hands of the clock pointed to half-past five it would solemnly look at them, leave its chair and go to the door. Outside it would wait at the gate for its human friend to return from town, and the pair of them would be in the house again at a quarter to six. If the man worked late, as was sometimes necessary, the cat would wait patiently in the gateway until he arrived.

The procedure was the same on Saturday, but it took place at midday, and the cat always knew the difference in the day and was on hand at noon on Saturday. On Sunday, however, this cat would not dream of making his trip to the gate at either time of day.

Mr. Pugh, after much patient research, has come to the conclusion that as a rule cats "say" little to their human companions. He feels that this is because they are not accorded so much attention as dogs, but where the companionship with a human being is close the cat will become quite "talkative," and his vocabulary contains much more than the usual "meow," which ordinarily signifies a disturbing internal emptiness.

A blind Frenchman, who, unlike most of those with his affliction, prefers cats to dogs as companions, has classified the conversational sounds made by the cat, and is able to distinguish instantly what is meant. This achievement is all the more remarkable, and likely to be sound, as it is the result of observation not with one but with several cats.

The "meow" is only one of the many remarks a cat can make. Apart from the fact that the "meow" can be greatly varied, there are totally different sounds which the normal cat seldom makes in human company but reserves for its feline companions. Yet it will make them to a human being if on sufficiently friendly terms, and if confident that it will be understood.

There is, for instance, the noise that can only be described as the cat's "question mark." This is a quick series of notes made on an ascending scale in the back of the throat. The nearest human equivalent is the word, "Well?" The same sound uttered on a descending scale means, "Yes."

One cat made a habit of uttering this cry at great distances when it was called at night. Then it clearly meant, "Don't shut the door, I'm coming?" It always did, too, with an interval sometimes of several minutes, which, together with the fact of its being out of breath, showed how far it had come.

The maternal instinct of cats is proverbial; far less generally realized is the fact that the paternal instinct is also present. Mr. Pugh has seen a "proud father" taking its first-born to walk. He saw another tom-cat bring its young son to be introduced to the human family where it lived. Given the opportunity, he says, tom-cats will often make model husbands and set many a human being an example of devotion. Dog lovers may doubt some of Mr. Pugh's observations and assertions — or outmatch them with exploits of a favorite mutt.

Father To Hang For Boy's Death, Though Body Can't Be Found

IT IS the custom of the courts in England not to put a person on trial for murder unless the body of the victim has been found. This rule of justice was established after what is known as the "Perrys case" in 1660 when two sons and their mother were hanged for the murder of William Harrison — and Harrison turned up some years later and explained that he had been kidnaped and taken abroad.

But an exception was made the other day in the case of Thomas Joseph Davidson, who was sentenced to death in the Old Bailey courtroom, in London, for the murder of his 8-year-old son—and yet no trace of the child's body has been found.

Davidson had been having trouble with his wife, who ran away from him and was living with another man. He made several efforts to get her to return to him, and when she refused, he became despondent.

A few days before last Christmas, the son, Jackie, disappeared. Davidson told one person that the boy had been knocked from his bicycle by an automobile and killed. Later, he told someone else that the boy had been drowned. These stories eventually got to the police, who started an investigation. They were proceeding cautiously, however, and had not yet reached the point of questioning Davidson, when they received a strange letter from him—toward the end of the past Summer. The letter read:

"With reference to the inquiries as to the whereabouts of my son, which have been going on for the past seven months, my son is dead. I killed him. I think it is best to make a clean sweep of things and get them squared up. I do not intend, in this letter, to give an explanation of why or how it happened, or where he is buried. But if you bring my wife to see me, I will explain everything and show you where to find the body. Otherwise, you might search indefinitely without finding it."

Davidson Said That When His Wife Refused to Become Reconciled With Him, He Took His Young Son to a Canal, Seized Him, and Leaped With Him Into the Water. He Alone Reached the Opposite Bank. He Found the Boy's Body Later and Disposed of It ears a Dump.

But the police saw no reason for taking Mrs. Davidson with them when they went to question her husband. They felt they would be able to get a detailed confession out of him without her presence, and they did.

Davidson said that he made a final effort to get his wife to come back to him two days before Christmas, and that when she refused he decided to kill himself and the boy. In the early morning, he took the boy to a canal near the shack where they were living, and seizing the child in his arms, jumped into the water.

"I recovered myself on the opposite side of the canal," he said. "I got up and hunted for Jackie and found he was a good distance away and dead."

After going to the shack for a blanket, he wrapped up the body and carried it to a public garbage dump, which was continually burning. He covered the body with refuse and went about his regular work. At night, he went back for the body, but could not find it.

On hearing this story, the police had Davidson lead them to the garbage dump and point out the spot where he had left the body. No trace of it was found, and it was obvious to the police that if Davidson had left the body there, as he said he did, it must have been burned up right away.

About this same time, Mrs. Davidson received a letter from him, and in it he said: "Well, kid, I hope you get over the shock. When you know the truth it is hard to say what you will think of me. But I do not care. I know only too well that my end is not far off. I have tried to end my life four times, and failed. Believe me, I cannot fathom what has come over you. You are not the Olive I used to know. You are as cruel as you used to be kind. I am looking forward to the end, although it is not a cheerful one. But I shall walk to it with the consolation that I died for the honor of my darling child and in an endless attempt to regain my wife. Please write, Olive, and if you cannot think of me as your once-upon-a-time husband, write as a friend to cheer me on my last lap. I hope they will not be lenient with me. I have no interest in life since I lost you."

Nevertheless, when Davidson came up for trial the other day, he changed his story, and put up a fight for his life. He said he went away from the shack where he and Jackie were living, after a sack of meal—leaving the boy sitting on a bench by the door. When he came back the boy was gone. He said he hunted all through the night with a flashlight, and about 2:30 in the morning he found the body in the canal among some weeds.

"I know I should have reported it right then," he said, "but as I was carrying the body to the shack I saw a light coming along the road. That frightened me. I was afraid if I was discovered with the body in my arms I would be accused of murder. So I hid it on the nearby garbage dump, intending to bury it later."

"Why did you say at first that you had jumped into the canal with the boy in your arms?" demanded the Judge.

"Partly to clear the matter up and partly to scare my wife," replied Davidson, but that explanation did not satisfy the Judge. In summing up to the jury, the Judge said:

"There is no doubt that this boy died while he was in the sole custody of the prisoner. No one else knows what happened."

The jury found a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of mercy, but the Judge saw fit to disregard the recommendation and sentenced Davidson to death.

The Judge's action, in accepting the jury's verdict and in sentencing Davidson to death, has aroused discussion in English legal circles, since it breaks the precedent established as a result of the "Perrys case." Lawyers are wondering what effect it will have on future murder cases.

In all criminal cases, whatever the charge—both in England and in this country—it is necessary to establish what is known as the "corpus delicti." This means the "body of the crime." The word "corpus," in this sense, does not refer to a corpse, but to the part of a trial—naturally the first part—in which the essential, fundamental fact that a crime has been committed must be established. After that has been done, the second part of a trial is concerned with fixing the responsibility for the crime upon some particular person or persons. In murder cases, the finding of the body of the victim, as a fact conclusive of death, goes to prove the "corpus delicti."

A number of years ago the captain of an English ship was pushed overboard. His body was never found, but a man was brought to trial and convicted of murder. In this case, the "corpus delicti," or proof that a crime had been committed, was established in court by eye witnesses who had seen the accused struggling on deck with the captain.

In another case, an English postman vanished and eight men were charged with the murder. But the body was never found, and since it was impossible to prove that a crime had been committed, the men were discharged. On another occasion, a man was arrested in England on his own confession and charged with murdering a woman. But except for his confession, there was no proof that the woman had been murdered, and he was released.

Likewise, it has been held in this country that a prisoner's confession, when the "corpus delicti" has not otherwise been proved, is insufficient for a conviction. Some evidence to corroborate the confession has been held to be *essential*.

The interesting aspect of the Davidson case is that there was *no* evidence to establish the "corpus delicti" other than the *father's* confession. Thus, in accepting the jury's verdict and sentencing the man to death, the Judge has upset the *rule of* law which is the basis upon which all criminal trials *are* conducted both in England and in this country.

Pirate Loot Guarded By Ghosts In Old Mansion

A SEARCH for pirate treasure was started the other day by the owners of the "Ocean Born Mary House," a queer mansion which has been a landmark near Henniker, New Hampshire, for over a century, and which has long had the reputation of being haunted. In the attic, they found a rusty tin box which contained decayed papers that mentioned hidden wealth—jewels, doubloons, and pieces of eight.

At the time when they bought the house, L. M. A. Roy, a young artist, and his mother, Mrs. Flora E. Roy, did not believe in ghosts. But they do now. They have seen things and heard things which cannot be explained—and they think that the spirit of "Ocean Born Mary" is trying to tell them where to look for the fortune described in the papers they found in the attic. From those papers, they learned that the pirate who built the house many years ago was supposed to have buried his hoard somewhere around the place—before he died with a cutlass through his heart.

Roy and his mother used to live in St. Paul, Minnesota, and they were once rich. But they lost most of their money through unwise investments, and seeking to put what little they had left in a farm, they picked out the "Ocean Born Mary House," from a lot of properties offered them by a real estate firm. Until they took possession of the house, they did not know that it had been built by a pirate, or that it was supposed to be haunted. They had been attracted to it by its odd paneling, high ceilings, huge fireplaces, brass doorknobs, quaint andirons, massive locks and hand-wrought iron hinges.

One morning, after a rainstorm, they found, they say, three bloody footprints on the porch. The prints were large and seemed to have been made by an antiquated sea boot. Another time they heard a voice shouting, "Any eggs today?" and when they went into the yard they found three goats, staring into the air—and not another human besides themselves within miles. Twice, at night, they say they saw a phantom stage coach come racing down the hill. It stopped at the gate, and a veiled woman got out, entered the yard, dropped something into an old well, and rode

The Pirate Did Not Enjoy His Retirement Long. He Was Found One Morning in a Grove Behind the House. A Cutlass Had Been Run Through His Heart. Some of His Men, It Was Supposed, Had Followed Him to Trace the Buccaneer Booty.

away. When Roy and his mother examined the well, they were unable to strike the bottom.

Frequently, when climbing the stairs, they claim they felt invisible figures brush by them. Doors that were bolted opened in the middle of the night, and once a 25-pound box of nails disappeared from the workshop in the yard. The search for it took Roy to the attic, and there he found it near a rusty tin box that had somehow been overlooked during his previous inspections of the garret. The papers he discovered in the box had apparently been written by "Ocean Born Mary" herself, and they started him to making inquiries about her. From elderly residents of Henniker, from town records and from her tombstone, he learned her singular history.

Her married name was Mary Wallace, and her tombstone says she died in 1814 at the age of 94. She was born in 1720, on a sailing vessel bound from Londonderry, Ireland, to Boston, and because of that she was known as "Ocean Born." Her presence on that ship saved the vessel from destruction and the passengers and crew from slaughter.

In mid-ocean, the merchantman was attacked by a freebooter, flying the Jolly Roger. Members of the pirate crew swarmed over the defenseless ship, and were on the point of making everyone walk the plank, when their captain broke into a cabin and discovered a terrified mother clasping a two-day-old baby in her arms.

Apparently, the pirate captain had not seen a baby in some time. At any rate, he was fascinated. Sheathing his cutlass, he asked the mother to let him hold the child, and when the infant cooed at him, he roared with delight and shouted for the members of his crew to stop looting the ship and come down to see what he had found.

"Have you named it yet?" he demanded, and when the mother replied that they had not been able to agree on a name, the pirate announced: "You shall name it for my mother. Her name was Mary." Then the pirate sent one of his men to his own ship for a bolt of silk, and made the mother promise that when the girl grew up her wedding dress would be made of it.

As the years passed, "Ocean Born Mary" received strange packages from time to time—trinkets and keepsakes, rings and bracelets, scarves and shawls, which her buccaneer godfather had captured in distant parts of the world. When old age finally overtook the pirate, and he grew tired of scuttling ships and slashing throats, he bought 140 acres near Henniker, though it is 45 miles from the seacoast, and on the highest point of land thereabouts he built his mansion.

Then he sent for his goddaughter, who had married in the meantime and was the mother of four sons. He gave the house to her and her husband, on the condition that he be allowed to occupy a special room he had built for himself and that they look after him during his declining years.

But the pirate who had befriended "Ocean Born Mary" did not have long *to* enjoy his declining years. Soon afterwards he was found one morning in the grove behind the house, a cutlass *run* through his heart. Trying to discover where he had buried his treasure, some of his men must have followed him.

From all of the things that have gone on around the place, since he and his mother moved in, and from all he has been able to learn about *it*, young Roy is convinced that the pirate's hoard is still buried somewhere around the place. He is building a radio treasure detector, which will have two oscillating tubes that he says will locate any precious metal that may be as deep as a dozen feet under ground.

Queen For A Day, She Frees Town's Prisoners

WHAT'S the use of being a queen if you can't give orders — and have them carried out without question?

This question occurred to Lolita Gonzales, a pretty Mexican girl, who recently was elected Queen of Tia Juana, Mexico, for a day. And she decided to find out just how much authority a queen might have.

Lolita, like most girls, was given to dreams of princes and princesses, kings and queens. All her life she had indulged in fancies about story book royalty. Tales of gracious queens and handsome and chivalrous princes which she had read when a child, had made a strong impression on her. Of course, she always had pictured herself as a queen.

Lolita's beauty and regal poise, just before Mexico's Independence Day brought, to her surprise, a sudden realization of her dream. She was elected by the citizens of Tia Juana as their Queen during the 24-hour celebration. In Tia Juana, and in all Mexican cities, homage is paid once a year to the memory of Father Miguel Hidalgo y Castillo, leader of the revolution which freed Mexico from the Spanish yoke. It is customary on this Mexican Fourth of July for each town to choose a queen who reigns supreme for the day. And this was Lolita's chance to reign—not in the arrogant manner of the movie queens who frequently came down from California with their liveried attendants and capricious manners. No, Lolita would be a gracious queen. That is, if the authorities kept their word and gave her supreme rule.

All during the holiday, Lolita reigned *and* was paid homage by her subjects. There were fetes and *much* merry-making, so much, in fact, that the noise of the celebration penetrated the walls of the Tia Juana jail. The casinos and cantinas were reverberating with melody *and* laughter.

The eighteen prisoners in the jail had forgotten about the holiday. They were in the "jug" for disorderly conduct, drunkenness and other minor misdemeanors. They made inquiries and learned that the celebration was in honor of the holiday—and the beautiful young queen. And all of a sudden one of the prisoners had an idea. They would write a petition and sign it. They would send it to the queen. It would ask for amnesty—pardon—freedom!

Within an hour, Lolita was reading the petition. She called up the Mayor.

"The Queen is speaking," she said. "Queen Lolita directs that the 18 prisoners in the jail be released at once."

"But," spluttered the Mayor—"but——"

"The Queen commands," said Lolita severely. The Mayor's frown became a smile.

"Si," he said. "A queen is a queen. You are majesty today. It shall be done."

The jail doors were opened and the prisoners freed.

It was difficult for the city officials to decide whether the prisoners or the queen were happier.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Mystery of the Steel Mills "Phantom Slayer" Solved

Four Men He Struck Down and Each Time, With Flapping Arms, Fled Like a Monstrous Bat From His Victim—And His Only Reason Was the "Thrill" That Murder Gave Him

One of the Blast Furnaces of the Steel Mill in Operation. Here the "Thrill" Killer Lurked in the Shadows and Slew.

By the Glare of the Furnace the Startled Witnesses Saw a Black Figure Rise From Beside the Body, and With Flapping Arms and Strange, Hopping Gait Like a Great Bat or Bird Run Off and Disappear in the Darkness; the Profile of the Head Showed What, in the Flickering Light, Seemed a Huge Beak.

THE "phantom killer" of the big steel mill at Steubenville, Ohio, has been caught, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The weird, bat-like figure in black, suggestive of a vampire, with flapping arms and a curious lope that gave him a motion like a bird in flight, and wearing a black, peaked cap as he ran from his victims, is David D'Ascanio, better known as Dasco. He is a man with no vices or faults whatever, except that every little while it amused him to murder some inoffensive stranger.

Dasco is a bachelor, 48 years old, and until his arrest, a steady worker who neither drank, gambled nor went with women. His landlady testified that he was tidy, quiet, always paid his board on time, never argued with other boarders and was as blameless a person as she had ever known.

Except that he attended church regularly, nobody knew what he did with his spare time and money. To those who asked, he replied that he liked to take long walks alone and think. This seems to have been the truth. He walked around the yards of the Wheeling Steel Mill with a revolver in his pocket, looking at the other 3,000 employees as they passed and thinking how easy it would be to pull out his gun and fill them full of lead. Then every few weeks he stopped imagining and actually did it. His victims were all strangers, shot down for the thrill of it, just as a huntsman shoots game for sport.

It happened four times between January and July, always around the 11:30 p. m. or midnight shift and close to the full moon. Lunatics are named after Luna, the moon, and supposed to be craziest when Kate Smith's satellite is full. But if these murders were "moon madness" the defense attorneys ignored the insanity defense and protested every time the prosecuting attorney called the prisoner a "thrill-killer." More likely the "phantom" thought a full moon gave just enough light for aiming at his prey, but not enough for others to recognize him.

The killer was almost right about that, for only one witness got a clear enough look at his face to identify it. Dasco was a shrewd planner. He might have walked into the country and ambushed people in the woods where there would be no witnesses. But there might have been footprints and people would have noticed a stranger loitering around. A farmer suspects prowlers and so does his dog. In the big mill, 3,000 employees meant 3,000 suspects and the job of picking the right man was about as hard as identifying one ant out of a nest.

Many a murderer has been caught because he went with women, but this one was caught because he did not. The moment a woman becomes interested in a man she takes note not only of his clothes and general appearance but every personal trait and starts to correct all she does not like. Had Dasco been going with any sort of woman possessed of eyes and tongue, the first time she saw him run she would have learned that he had a "funny" gait and all about it. The fellow might not have changed it to please her, but he certainly would have disguised it during the critical moments when he was fleeing from one of his assassinations. Nobody told him until after his arrest, and though he had little chance to practice in jail he did a demonstration run in the courtroom to show the jury that at least he did not have to lope and flutter his arms.

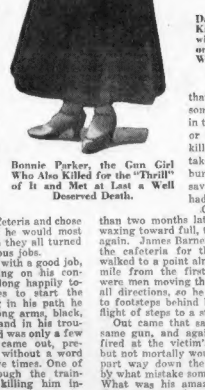
On the night of January 30, under a brim-full moon, Fred Melsheimer, 38 years old, a train-service employee of the mills, left his room in the Annex Hotel and started to work. He was an hour early for his midnight shift, yet he was destined never to reach it. For an hour he loafed around the cafeteria inside the enclosure of the mill. Though Dasco's victims were strangers, it seems that when he was ready to kill one he looked through the windows of that cafeteria and chose the person he thought he would most enjoy murdering, when they all turned out to go to their various jobs.

Healthy, still young, with a good job, no enemies and nothing on his conscience, Fred strode along happily toward the yard offices to start the night's work. Standing in his path he saw a stranger with long arms, black, peaked cap and one hand in his trousers' pocket. When Fred was only a few feet away, the hand came out, presented a revolver and without a word blazed away at him five times. One of the bullets went through the train-service man's heart, killing him instantly.

There were others not far away, and by the glare of the furnace these horrified witnesses saw a black figure rise from beside the body and with flapping arms and strange hopping gait like a great bat or bird run off and disappear in the darkness. The profile of the head showed what, in the flickering light, seemed a huge beak.

The mill police and the city police investigated without finding the slightest clue. Finally they had to conclude that there was either some hidden chapter in the dead man's past or that he had been killed through mistaken identity. They buried the man and saved the bullets that had killed him.

David D'Ascanio, the "Phantom" Who Killed for the "Fun of It," but Otherwise Lived an Exemplary Life. He Has on the Long Visored Cap He Wore When Murdering and Which Looked Like a Bird's Beak When He Ran.



Bonnie Parker, the Gun Girl Who Also Killed for the "Thrill" of It and Met at Last a Well Deserved Death.

On March 25, less than two months later, under a moon waxing toward full, the thing happened again. James Barnett, after waiting at the cafeteria for the midnight shift, walked to a point almost a quarter of a mile from the first shooting. There were men moving through the night in all directions, so he paid no attention to footsteps behind him and climbed a flight of steps to a storage shack.

Out came that same hand and that same gun, and again five shots were fired at the victim's back. Seriously but not mortally wounded, Barnett fell part way down the stairs, wondering by what mistake someone had shot him. What was his amazement to see the shooter, a complete stranger, run up the steps, fire a sixth shot into him and kick him in the face.

Barnett lived, but will probably be paralyzed for life. The experience was so dreadful that he has never been able to remember the face of the fiend that did it to him, but he knows that he had never seen it before. Again witnesses noted that fluttering, loping run as the killer hurried to the fence, scaled it and vanished along the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks.

The police now knew one thing, the same man had done both shootings. Bullets from Barnett's body had been fired from the same .38 caliber gun that killed Fred Melsheimer. Both victims had come to Steubenville about six months before, but from different parts of the country and hardly knew each other by sight. The more the unhappy police investigated the less they understood the thing. Even the theory of mistaken identity was now knocked out.

July 1, on a moon waning only three days from the full, the phantom did a double murder. It is strange how little variety is in an individual's work. Whether he is a singer, boxer, writer or murderer, he develops a style of his own. Once more the killer peered into the cafeteria windows to select his victim and chose either William Messer, 42 years old, or Raymond Kochendarfer, 35. Presumably he followed his previously successful custom of only picking one at a time. Whichever one it was the other also got murdered because he had the bad luck to accompany the doomed man from the cafeteria.

Again the mill yard rang with five pistol shots in quick succession. Members of the midnight shift saw the two victims fall dead and watched the murderer go loping away into the shadow of one of the buildings. This time some of the witnesses crowded him so close that he had to threaten them with his gun. The detectives tried to find some common link between the two murdered men. Kochendarfer had worked at the mill seven years, Messer only two. Both were married, Messer had five children, the other none. One was from Portsmouth, Ohio, and one from Pennsylvania. They were mere acquaintances, with no connection at all.

Norma Millen, the Well Brought Up Daughter of a Minister Who Married a Murdering Gangster for the Thrill of It, but Luckily Escaped With Only a Year in Prison.

The mill employees were indignant. If they could not get any better protection than that they would quit. Maybe it was about time for a strike anyhow. The mill management hired extra police and flooded the yards with new lights and were equally angry. They suspected that some influence was trying to close the mill. Altogether it was a headache for the police who were doing their best with nothing to show for it. But, as usual, when everyone is sufficiently aroused to help the authorities, a break came.

Those 3,000 employees had become 3,000 amateur detectives who did a lot of collective thinking, some of which was good. The thought spread around that all the victims had spent a considerable time in the cafeteria before walking to their doom and just for that they all started comparing notes as to what men had been seen staring in the windows on the fatal nights. A good many names were turned in to the police who quietly investigated the past and present behavior of each, finding nothing queer in any but that of Dasco.

He was a sweeper who had worked at the mill for the past five years, without a mark against him. Dasco had come to this country twenty-five years ago at the age of 21, became a citizen and served in the war with a good record which included fourteen days in the trenches. Not a thing against him anywhere, except a queer habit of wandering around the plant instead of going home at the end of his shift.

But with a $6,800 reward on one hand and scorching criticism on the other, the mill police were leaving no stone unturned. So Lieut. C. N. Bailey and John Fonow searched Dasco's room, where they found clippings from all the papers that can be bought in Steubenville, covering the shootings. Also Dasco had treasured newspaper accounts of the attempted assassination of President-elect Roosevelt which resulted in the death of Mayor Cermak of Chicago. The pictures revealed that Giuseppe Zangara, the assassin, looked startlingly like Dasco.

This was no evidence, but they decided to arrest Dasco for questioning and at last they had luck. On him they found the revolver that had fired all the bullets in the four shootings. He had cut a pocket out of his trousers and replaced it with a home-made canvas holster. In another pocket was a black mask. Breaking into his locked clothes closet, they found a leather holster fitting that gun and that the corresponding pocket had been cut out of another pair of dark trousers.

Dasco's explanation was that he had just bought the gun from a stranger for protection against the "phantom." Dasco was indicted for the murder of all three that had died, but the State elected to try him only on the Kochendarfer charge.

Prosecutor Arthur L. Hooper built up an unbreakable case, except in one point, but many noticed with concern that five women were on the jury and feared that this would result in one of those "sentimental" verdicts, but they misjudged those five women. It was not among them, but the men, that the "weak sisters" were found.

Three mill workers who had seen the killer running from his last and double killing, positively identified him as Dasco. One got a glimpse of the profile of his face, but the main thing was that after the Italian's arrest they succeeded in getting him to run down the long corridor of the jail. Not suspecting that witnesses were watching or that it would mean anything if they were, he exhibited the characteristic lope and vampire-like flapping of his arms, which they all recognized.

Later realizing what had happened, he learned a different run and exhibited it to the jury. Barnett, the only victim to survive, could not remember the assassin's face and was not brought in by either side. The prosecution's case was strong in every point except that it lacked a common-sense motive. Would five members of the gentler sex believe that anyone could be such a fiend as to kill for the fun of it?

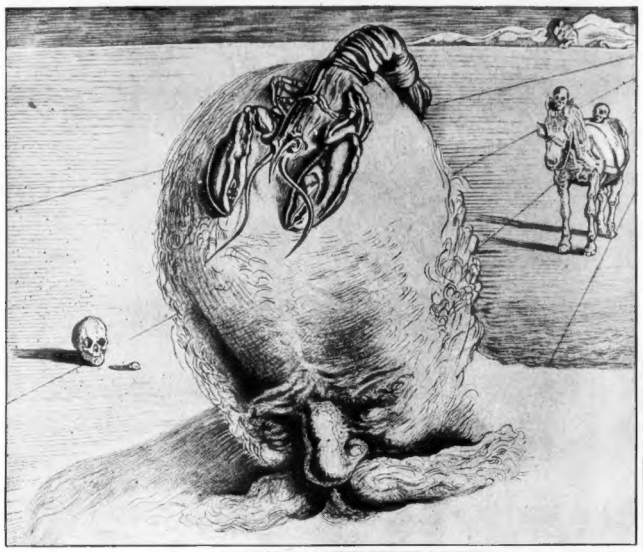
They remembered that Bonnie Parker, Clyde Barrow's "gun moll," actually took pride in murdering as many as possible. There was Mrs. Bertha Gifford, the Missouri nurse, who could not resist the fun of poisoning her patients to death. Norma Millen, a clergyman's daughter, though she had not actually gotten to doing any murders with her own hands, loved a murdering gangster and married him, apparently, for the thrill of being a gunman's wife.

The jury deliberated ten hours. All agreed from the start that Dasco was guilty. The five women wanted the death penalty as did five of the men, not seeing any reason why such an inhuman person should be preserved. But two men held out for clemency until the others had to yield in order to prevent a "hung" jury and a new trial. This meant that the killer would receive a life sentence and live the rest of his days at the expense of the Ohio taxpayers who have about all they can do caring for the honest unemployed.

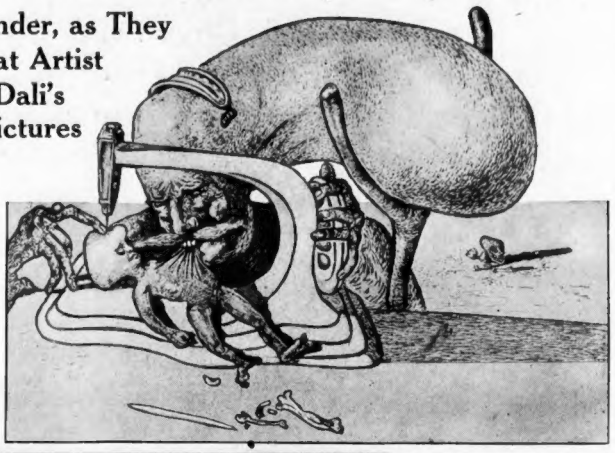
© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Written by a Madman—Illustrated by a "Super-Realist"

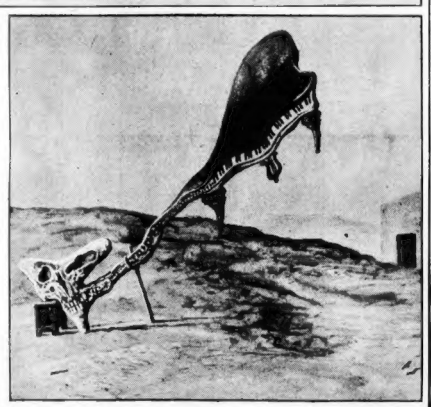
But Which Is the More Delirious, Some Will Wonder, as They Read Count de Lautreamont's Book and Look at Artist Dali's Pictures



Another Dali Picture Illustrating the Poems of Lautreamont—the Terrible Desert Nourished by the Bodies of the Dead.



The Sewing Machine, the Symbol of Woman, and Man the Devourer, Mostly Stomach. Etchings by Salvador Dali, Illustrating the Crazy Poems of the Count de Lautreamont. From the Albert Skira Edition.



"Skull and Its Lyrical Appendage Leaning on a Night Table Which Has the Temperature of a Cardinal Bird's Nest." Painting by Dali.

"Imperial Monument to the Woman and the Child—a Historical Fantasy." A New Painting by Salvador Dali. Photos by Courtesy of Julien Levy Gallery, New York.

"Spectre of Vermeer, of Delft (the Dutch Old Master), Used as a Table." Another Painting by Dali, the Super-Realist.

IF the reader of this page had stepped into the art galleries of Julien Levy at 602 Madison Avenue, New York, the other day, he would have been perplexed. Looking at him from the walls was a collection of paintings by Salvador Dali, a "super-realist" artist from France.

But Mr. Levy is an art dealer and understands artists—even super-realists. He is able to see and explain what the artist is trying to say in his pictures. The artist Dali is not at all crazy, Mr. Levy thinks, but one of the books the artist has made illustrations for was certainly written by a madman.

This book is entitled "The Songs of Maldoror," by the Count Lautreamont, a strange French poet of the early nineteenth century. Earlier generations stamped Lautreamont as insane, and Remy de Gourmont, the most prominent French literary critic of the past generation, expressed this view very plainly. Physicians are of the same opinion. But modern literary critics and artists are more and more inclined to the view that those who are commonly called insane are sane in the truest sense, while those called sane are really insane, or at least idiotic. Therefore they believe that Lautreamont is a talented poet, although mysterious and esoteric and not to be understood by commonplace people.

M. Leon Pierre-Quint, the distinguished Parisian writer, says, "The Songs of Maldoror' is a poem of the revolt of man against God for His creation of a world that is full of evil. So far from being the work of a lunatic, it contains a sound and simple philosophy."

Here is a sample of Lautreamont's style from this work:

"I wish to die rocked by the waves of the stormy sea, or standing on the mountain top. With my eyes raised on high? No; I know that my annihilation will be complete.

"I have no hope for mercy. Who shall open the door of my death chamber? I have said that nobody shall enter.

"Whoever you may be, get yourself hence; but if you expect to see any mark of sorrow or fear on my hyena face (I use this comparison, although the hyena is much more beautiful to look at), undeceive yourself and approach.

"It is a Winter night, when the elements war against one another on all sides, when man is frightened, and the youth meditates some crime against one of his friends, if he is as I was in my youth.

"Let the wind, whose howling saddens humanity, carry me on its wings through the world impatient for my death.

"The eagle, the crow, the immortal pelican, the wild duck, the wandering stork, will see me pass, horrible and satisfied, in the lightning flash.

"On earth the viper, the bulging eye of the toad, the tiger, the elephant; in the sea the whale, the shark, the hammer-head, the shapeless skate, the great Polar seal, will wish to know what is this offense against the law of Nature."

In another place the poet writes:

"I would rather have been the son of the female shark whose hunger is fed by the storms, or of the tiger, whose cruelty is known, for I would not have been so wicked.

"You who see me, go away, for my breath is poisonous.

"Nobody has yet seen the green wrinkles of my forehead; nor the projecting bones of my haggard face, like the bones of some great fish, or the rocks that cover the seashore, or the sharp, barren mountains through which I often wandered when I had hair on my head of a different color.

"And when I prowl around the habitations of men, on stormy nights, with burning eyes, my hair blown by the wind of the tempest, I cover my withered face with a piece of velvet, black as the soot from the chimney. No eyes must see the ugliness that the Supreme Being, with an omnipotent smile of hate, has inflicted upon me."

Lautreamont's writings are apparently the expressions of a man tortured by disease, misery and mentally disordered. The few facts known about him confirm this view. After a life of disease and hardship he died of tuberculosis at the age of 24, in a lodging house in Montmartre. There is undoubtedly a certain rhythmical and poetic beauty in his sentences, although the images he uses in many places are so repulsive that they would probably be suppressed in America.

Dali's drawings convey a picture of the images that Lautreamont's poems call up in his mind and do not illustrate any specific passage. They accompany a splendid edition de luxe of the "Songs of Maldoror" with 42 etchings by Dali, published by Albert Skira of Paris. Mr. Dali's conception of the illustrator's task is interestingly summarized in a notice he writes with this edition:

"It is evident that the work of illustration could in no way restrain the course of my delirious ideas, but on the contrary, tends to expand them. I could not produce anything but paranoiac illustrations. Indeed, as I have often had the pleasure to explain to my readers, the paranoiac phenomenon is the one which most perfectly incarnates the 'psychic-interpretive' illustration. Paranoia is not confined always to being illustration; it constitutes the true and unique literal illustration, that is to say 'interpretive-delirious illustration.'"

An umbrella and a sewing machine will be noticed occurring frequently in Dali's illustrations of Lautreamont, and the reader of the madman's poems will not understand what these commonplace objects have to do with them. The artist gives the following lucid explanation:

"The Angelus' of Millet is as beautiful as the accidental meeting of a sewing machine and an umbrella on the dissecting table.

"No image appears to me capable of illustrating more literally, in a more delirious manner, Lautreamont's 'Songs of Maldoror,' than 'The Angelus' executed 75 years ago by the painter of tragic cannibal atavisms, of ancestral and horrifying encounters, of meat, soft and of good quality.

"Nothing, indeed, appears to me to illustrate as literally, in as atrocious and hyper-evident manner this encounter of the sewing machine and the umbrella as 'The Angelus.'

"'The Angelus' is the only picture in the world which shows the motionless presence, the expectant encounter of two beings, in a solitary, half lighted and mortal place. This place in the picture plays the same role as the dissecting table in Lautreamont's poems.

"The umbrella and the sewing machine can be transposed in 'The Angelus' into the male and female figures, and all the discomfort and the enigma of the encounter would arise in my modest opinion from the peculiarities shown in the two personages of the painting."

Dali is a painter as well as an etcher and an exhibition of his paintings has just been held at the Levy Gallery. Every artist whose work is a change from the conventional schools of the past excites interest, and the Spanish artist is no exception to the rule. An authority on art who takes Dali seriously made a conscientious effort to explain what his work and super-realism mean.

"Super-realism," said this authority, "is really an outcome of a movement started by the photographic camera. When the camera was first perfected people realized that an absolute physical likeness of a person or object could be produced and they wanted to see this in painting. They grew tired of this and painting turned towards abstraction with Cezanne and Picasso, until we saw modernistic art with circles and straight lines or patches of fog.

"This in turn became boring and so we got super-realism, which goes beyond normal realism. It is painting the subconscious mind and imagination, the photography of an interior mental process."

Keep this explanation in mind and try to see how it lights up some of the accompanying photographs of Dali's paintings.

One of them is entitled "Skull and Its Lyrical Appendage Leaning on a Night-Table Which Has the Temperature of a Cardinal Bird's Nest."

The obliging commentator explains that here you see the realization of a world you never see. It is more than ordinarily difficult to explain this picture because it deals with subjects that filled Dali's head more than ordinary heads. His mind is constantly filled with thoughts of death, music and poetry, and all these things are represented in the picture.

Another painting is entitled "Spectre of Vermeer of Delft Used As a Table."

Anybody familiar with art will recognize the picture of Vermeer, the Dutch old master, based on one of his own paintings. But why his leg should be stretched out until it forms a table bearing a drink is something that can only be understood by a close student of Dali, for that detail represents what he calls "The Phenomenologic Theory of Furniture Nutrition."

The Dali painting entitled "Imperial Monument to the Woman and the Child—a Historical Fantasy," is perhaps easier to understand than some of the others although not so pleasing. Here you can recognize fascinating women, children, skulls, severed limbs, superb kings, ruins and other objects which make up the history of courts.

Unlike some of the ultra-modern artists who paint as crudely as boys drawing on the wall, Dali is a master of draftsmanship and color. His technique is admirable both in his etchings and his paintings, and he follows the methods of the great masters of the past. The details of his paintings are normal but it is the way he puts them together that is abnormal.

Super-realism is a literary as well as an artistic school and Mr. Dali has contributed several books to it. One of these books is entitled "Babaouo" and appears to have a touch of humor. It is written in the form of a scenario and one of the scenes runs as follows:

"He looks often at his watch (soft). Among the travelers at the end of the car you see a woman entirely nude. Beside Babaouo a letter carrier is sitting with his legs crossed and his hands in his pockets. On the shoe that does not touch the floor are two eggs on a plate (without the plate) which, at a sudden stop, slip to the ground. This scene will last three minutes."

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Her Cinderella Romance Wrecked by Her Girlhood Lover

"Maria! My Own!" Cried the Waiter in the Fashionable Restaurant Where She Had Gone to Dine With Her Noble Husband—And the Long Masquerade of Ambitious Maria, Who Had Climbed Up From Kitchen-Maid to Princess, Was Over

Johann Kovacs in His Peasant Costume When He Was Maria's Successful Suitor.

Maria Bognar, the Kitchen-Maid, Who First Became a Bogus Baroness, Then a Real Countess and Finally a Princess.

As Maria, Now Truly a Princess, Sat at the Table With Her Prince, Suddenly There Came a Crash. A Waiter Had Dropped His Tray Right Down Upon the Table—And That Waiter Was Johann, Her Girlhood Lover. "Maria! My own! My long lost love!" He Cried, and Maria's Masquerade Was Over.

The Prince Ayello and His Cinderella Princess at a Fancy Dress Ball in Vienna.

BUDAPEST, Dec. 1.

NOBODY denied that Maria Bognar was pretty enough and poor enough to be a "Cinderella."

She must have heard somebody talking about it because, as a little child, she really believed that a Prince would some day drive up to their poverty-stricken farm and marry her. Much to the annoyance of her hard-working peasant parents, Maria practiced a "noble gait" and grand manner, holding her little head so high that she often tripped over things. This was so she would be ready for the Prince whenever he was ready for her.

By the time Marie was fourteen years old and nothing remotely resembling a Prince had even hesitated at her tiny village, near Pecs in Southern Hungary, she was ready to believe her father and mother that there had been no fairy godmother in her case. But being so, there would be nobody to send a Prince looking for her.

In a moment of discouragement the girl promised to marry Johann Kovacs, son of neighboring peasants no richer than her own parents, who had been wooing her ardently. But she told Johann that she had changed her mind and was going to marry a Prince after all. Since the Prince would not be coming to the village to get her, she would have to go to get him, wherever he was to be found. She would be a self-made Cinderella.

Johann told her she was crazy and so did the village priest, schoolmaster, doctor and everyone else supposed to have any sense at all. Maria's reply to all that wisdom was to run away to Budapest and show them. She got a job as kitchen maid, was promoted to chambermaid, became a fake Baroness, then a genuine Countess and finally a real Princess, wife of the young Italian Prince di Ayello.

Single-handed, Maria the poor peasant girl had achieved all that Cinderella did, with the aid of her godmother's magic. Yet no sooner had she fulfilled her ambition and had nothing to do but live happily ever after, than suddenly it was snatched away from her, noble husband, title, wealth, everything. She may be glad to get that kitchen job back and begin all over again. It was Johann the simple peasant lad who simply ruined her by dropping a tray of food upon the table at the fashionable restaurant where she was dining with her noble husband.

When Maria decided to go looking for her prince, she went to Budapest, where she got a job as kitchen-maid. She peeled potatoes a long time, wishing she were a waiter with the chance of actually serving aristocrats in the dining room, instead of only getting an occasional glimpse through the swinging doors. The girl grew rapidly in size and beauty until a natural thing happened. The kitchen help may look like gargoyles and nobody cares, because the guests do not see them, but it is important that chambermaids should be attractive. Therefore, there came a day when Maria's potato knife was turned over to another, while Cinderella was promoted upstairs.

There at last she had contacts with persons of wealth and social position. She peeped through keyholes and into closets and trunks, examining underwear and reading letters. She learned to ape their manners.

But one day Maria made what was to prove a fatal mistake. She wrote Johann Kovacs, on the hotel stationery, a boastful letter of how well she was getting on in the world. She was vague about details, but said she was only staying one day at the hotel so it would be useless to write to her there. Johann did not write. He took the next train to Budapest, paying his fare with cash and getting a job as bus-boy in the hotel's dining room, on the theory that some day his beloved might spend another day there and he might see her.

Two weeks later he did see her in the service elevator and dropped a tray of dishes, in his astonishment. To prevent argument Johann was permitted to think he was still tentatively engaged to Cinderella until such time as he got a good job or she married a Prince. Meanwhile he was drafted for the World War.

Some time after Johann had gone and been forgotten, the Baroness Mariette Gerand spent several weeks in one of Maria's rooms. Cinderella not only read all the guest's correspondence and tried on all her clothes while she was out, but managed to get quite chummy with her. Just before the Baroness left for South America, Maria stole all her documents except her passport. Since no money or jewelry were taken and the loss was not discovered until she was out of the country, the Budapest police were not notified.

Cinderella then walked quietly out of the service entrance of the hotel, as a chambermaid, put her savings into one suit, hat and pair of shoes, and entered the front door of another hotel as the Baroness Mariette Gerand. With documents to prove it, she bought more clothes on credit and let her hotel bill run. Her plan was to move as soon as creditors showed signs of curiosity, and to keep the scheme going until she captured her Prince.

Just then Maria took out time for her first and perhaps only real love romance. The man was no Prince, just a handsome young army officer, Lieutenant Laci Nervath, on a short leave from the front. It was one of those passionate, wild-eyed affairs of the war, when lovers knew they probably would never meet again. He supposed that it was a Baroness who had thrown herself into his arms and did not know that soon after their parting the police had gathered in his cute little fake, on a charge of stealing the real Baroness' documents.

As a first offender and a pretty one she received a light sentence which was further shortened for good behavior, and probably good looks. But even the shortest jail sentence hurts one's social standing, so in despair she decided to run away to the Italian front and find her lieutenant. It was her craziest idea, but proved her most profitable one. As a girl, she traveled as far as Innsbruck where she bought a uniform and from there on masqueraded as a corporal.

Cinderella was then seventeen years old and just how she managed to get enough money to travel that far is her own secret.

At Trient she reported to the officer in charge of the railway station, told him a yarn that she missed her train and could not find the troops she belonged to. It was late at night, the officer was sleepy and he gave her a written order, which enabled her to follow with the next transport train.

On her way from Trient to Revereto she heard for the first time the rumble of gunfire and shells, but it was distant like the muttering of faraway thunderstorms. Cinderella was not frightened, told everyone that she was a young volunteer, just out of school and nobody doubted. There were other youths of seventeen and eighteen who did not need a razor.

At Revereto they had to leave the train and after a short rest they marched on. Two hours later a shell exploded on the road and two of her comrades were killed.

This was unpleasant. Maria sobbed, but she continued on her way. They marched in the dark, above their heads airplanes droning. They passed through several dead villages in which the majority of houses were destroyed. Some of them were still burning. It was the longest night in Maria's life. She felt relieved when they arrived in the trenches. Here she could sleep at last. But next evening a heavy bombardment set in.

There were eighteen dead in the section known to her. Blood and dirt. Rain started. Everything was covered with mud outside, and there was a sticky, evil smelling air inside. There were rats in the trenches, fleas and, perhaps the worst of all, lice.

Cinderella had not found her lover, only dirt, discomfort and danger. She who lived a sort of let's-pretend, fairy-tale life decided she would change this chapter. She confessed her sex to the captain, who sent her back to Trient wearing the last clean shirt in the regiment. Her queer story came to the ears of Archduke Eugene, who may not have been one of the greatest military commanders but always was nice to pretty women.

Mixing just enough truth with her lies to get the Archduke to swallow them she got gallant Eugene to send her to a field hospital where her lieutenant had just been sent with a case of typhoid and there, holding her hand, he died. Nobody doubted the dying man's statement that she was the Baroness Gerand and with this social background she thought she might as well stay and be a nurse. When another young lieutenant was brought in wounded, they thought since he was Count Stephen Majlath he would like to be attended by a titled nurse. The Count liked it so well that when he recovered he married her. The bogus Baroness was now a bona-fide Countess.

From a kitchen maid to a Countess was climbing far and fast. But after the war the Count's family grew curious about certain vague gaps in the young woman's past and investigated. The result was a quiet divorce and very little alimony. However, she had been a real Countess for years and, as such, had made precious contacts among rich and titled personages.

Any rich girl can hire a penniless Prince for a husband as easily as she can a chauffeur. But this Cinderella with no golden bait had to catch one who had money and that is hard. Yet at St. Moritz, three years ago she managed it. By that time she had learned to study her game before stalking it. The young Italian Prince Joseph di Ayello was an invalid who shunned the society of women. Maria found out that in their efforts to be vivacious women talked him to death.

Armed with this knowledge, it was easy for Maria to convince Prince Joseph that she was different from all other women. One night they both went to a masquerade ball and to relieve the boredom, the Prince drank champagne, finally becoming so intoxicated that he proposed. Cinderella not only accepted, but let everyone at the ball know about it. Next day they were married and went on their honeymoon.

The Ayello family did not like their new Princess at all but they verified the fact that she was an authentic ex-Countess which seemed to leave no excuse for getting the marriage annulled. For three years Cinderella, a really and truly Princess, with plenty of money, sat pretty, expecting to live happily ever after.

Then in a reckless hour she allowed her husband to take her to Budapest, where they dined one evening at a fashionable restaurant. The Princess came in a stunningly becoming costume and was the admiration of every man and the envy of every woman. As she sat like a queen drinking it in, there was a crash and an exclamation.

A waiter had dropped his tray of drinks and well-filled dishes over the table—and that waiter was Johann.

"Maria! My own—my long-lost love!" he cried with bulging eyes.

Tableau! Investigation.

They called a policeman to take the supposed crazy man away. But next morning the police informed the Prince that he was not crazy and that they had the Princess' fingerprints, picture and record.

Now the Ayello family are rushing annulment proceedings on the grounds that for a bride to forget to tell the groom that she had done time in prison is concealing a material fact. If she is divorced she will become an ex-princess, which is bad enough. But if it is annulled she will never have been one at all. In either event Cinderella will go tumbling down to the bottom of the social ladder again.

© 1934, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Crime Colleges to

Students in the English Police College Receiving Instructions in What to Take Note of in an Automobile Collision. In This Case a Motorcycle Side-Car and an Automobile Are Used in the Demonstration.

© 1934 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

A Class in the London Police Academy Listening to and Taking Notes of the Lesson Which Is Represented by

In Taking Fingerprints the Surface of the Pane of Glass, Table or Door of the Safe Is First Dusted Gently With a Powder.

By Means of a Thin, Pliable Metal Foil the Impressions Are Lifted for Future Examination.

LONDON, Nov. 26.

DOZENS of New York and New Jersey police and United States Department of Justice detectives admit that they worked for two years and a half to get a clue to the scoundrel who kidnaped the Lindbergh baby—and they were no nearer putting their hands on the kidnaper than when they began. At last a wide-awake young man at a gasoline filling station noticed that a customer paid him with a gold certificate, and was intelligent enough to take the automobile license number. The astonished detectives were thus practically handed the name and the address of the asserted kidnaper and at last some progress was made in solving the mystery; not by the detectives but in spite of the detectives.

The police departments of Europe are more efficient in dealing with crime because they are better trained. In London a college is maintained for the education of the police in crime detection and the teachers are the experienced detectives of Scotland Yard. In Germany police academies are maintained, and in France the scientific unraveling of crime mysteries by the Surete is well known.

At the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon, near London, the students come from the big public schools and universities in England and include sons of some of the oldest and most aristocratic families in Great Britain. The standard for the London police is not measured in inches of height and pounds of muscle, but in terms of education, examinations and university degrees. Lord Trenchard, Commissioner of Police, believes that it is science that counts in the detection of crime.

The students at the new police college, who are being trained in a fifteen months' course to become Junior Station Inspectors, are being taught that the majority of criminals in England to-day are well-educated people with every device of science at their command. They are not mainly thugs. Chemistry; electricity; higher mathematics; psychology; Latin, Greek, and modern languages; biology; these are some of the subjects whose study is to be of far greater importance to the new London policeman than the skilful use of the blackjack.

Police Detective Bringing Out From Police Headquarters a Dummy to Be Arranged for a Demonstration of a Murder Mystery, and the Young Police Students Will Then Be Required to Solve the Mystery.

There is a technique of every type of crime except murder. The exception is made because murder is rarely committed twice by the same person. It is also rarely committed by the regular criminal in England. But the blackmailer, the hotel jewel thief, the burglar, the smash-and-grab man, and the confidence trickster each have their peculiar methods. And to study these methods it is part of the curriculum at the London Police College to stage, in play form, various types of crime. The student sees, in one of the many spacious classrooms, professional actors and actresses "committing crimes," and he is called on later to undergo examinations in order to prove whether his observation is keen enough for him to become a criminal tracker.

Here, for example, is a fact long known to Scotland Yard. Every habitual criminal "signs" his work. Certain burglars will break into a house only by ground-floor windows; others are first-story men. Some force front doors; others always get in at the back. There are burglars who invariably have a meal before they quit the house. Some look for beer; others for spirits or wine. Some go for the cigars and smoke one while at work.

The big man in the hotel jewel robbery line just as surely "signs" his work. One will on all occasions engage a room on the same floor as his intended victim, get a wax impression of the key of the wanted room by making love to a susceptible chambermaid, and he will carry out his job without leaving the slightest disorder.

All these peculiarities of individual criminals are revealed to the London police college student by being re-enacted in dramatic form. The police cadet who is about to become a Junior Inspector is required to take notes of every minute detail of the action of the "play" as it unfolds itself. Then he is instructed in the work of the Central Records Office at Scotland Yard.

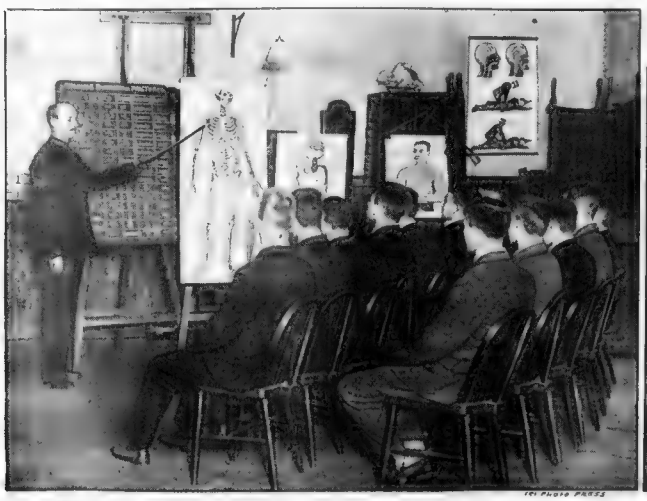
In the C. R. O. as it is known in the Force, there is kept not only a record or dossier of the past life and convictions of every known criminal, but also a filing system by which, so soon as a big crime is committed, any individual characteristics of the way in which it has been worked, can be checked up and compared with a record of the habits and methods of working of every man and woman who has previously come under the notice of the Metropolitan police. This same system has been carefully worked out by the French and German police.

The Police College student then is taken through this docketing and pigeon-holing system. His observation will be tested to see whether, after having witnessed a play and having seen the methods employed as portrayed by the actors, he can quickly identify the type of crime as being that of A or B or C.

As a concrete example of the kind of object lesson which forms the main part of the instruction given to the Police College cadets, here is a case taken from the career of the late Superintendent Francis Carlin, one of the original Big Four of Scotland Yard.

The name of Lord Lonsdale, the well-known British sporting peer, was forged to a cheque for $500. Carlin was shown the cheque and a letter which accompanied it. He promptly told Luigi, the famous restaurateur and luxury club manager who had received the cheque, that he knew who had done the forgery. Challenged, he made a bet that he would discover the forger. He won. And he did so by his knowledge of the fact that the cleverest of forgers always trips up over "f's" and capital "S's". Disguise his handwriting how he will, it is almost impossible for anyone to avoid showing a similarity in the formation of those two letters. Carlin looked up a docket in the Central Records Office, checked the handwriting, of which he had a specimen there, with the forged cheque and the accompanying letter, and within a week he had his man arrested after a chase from a barber's shop.

In the fifteen months of training at the

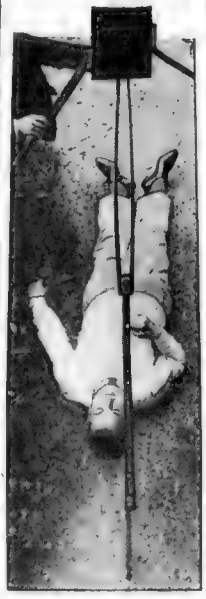


British Police Recruits Given Simple Instructions in Anatomy so That They May Intelligently Describe Fractures of Bones, Etc.

A Mold of a Footprint Is Made by Carefully Covering the Depression With Plaster, Which Is Allowed to Harden.

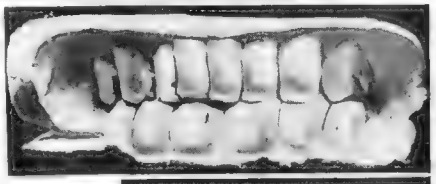
Educate the Police

by a Scotland Yard Detective Official as He Discusses the Victim of a Murder Mystery, a Wax Figure of a Woman.



Before the Body of the Murdered Victim Is Disturbed Police Camera Takes Views of the Victim From All Angles.

German Police and Criminologists Photographed to Show Their Method of Examination and Notation of the Facts Surrounding the Discovery of a Murdered Man.



Mold of Teeth of a Robber Made by the French Police From Imprints Left on a Piece of Bread, Which Led to His Conviction When His Dental Equipment Had Been Reconstructed in the French Police Laboratory. —AND— Imprint of a Foot of a Man With Six Toes, a Very Rare Abnormality, Which Led to the Criminal's Identification and Conviction.

Police Students Are Taught to Examine and Compare Fingerprints in the Scotland Yard Identification Department.

London Police College, the whole effort of the teachers—who are all men with wide experience of criminology—is to direct and to concentrate the attention of the students on developing their powers of observation.

In one of the classrooms, there is a huge blackboard on which each day an instructor draws a diagram of a roadway with sidewalks. In various positions he places automobiles, motor trucks, and other vehicles which have collided. From the position in which he has put them, he demonstrates to the class why this or that vehicle must have been at fault. And then, when the blackboard lesson is finished, he takes the class out into a yard which is devoted specially to "accident work." Here are real automobiles and wagons and motor bicycles, placed in the position of a general smash-up. A practical demonstration is given by wheeling them into place. Back again into the classroom, a quantity of registration number plates carried by motor vehicles are used as a selection. Quickly they are waved in front of the class, five or six in rapid succession. The students have to memorize the lettering and the numbers on them, and be able to repeat them.

It is not enough, however, for the examiners at the College that students should merely memorize items such as plate numbers. Lord Trenchard and the police authorities, as well as London magistrates and judges, have come to the view that in the case of street happenings, such as accidents, riots, smash-and-grab raids on shop windows, or the rarer cases of hold-ups, not one person in ten thousand is able, when called on later, to give anything like an accurate description of what happened. Every day in the courts, half a dozen witnesses will give half a dozen completely different accounts of even a simple street accident.

It has been decided therefore to train the recruits to the London police force on the principle that they, and they alone, will give the final and only absolutely correct evidence in court. Using a number of students as the actors, the most confused street accidents, riots and raids, acted at a rate that makes the average movie look like a slow motion picture, are staged in the grounds of the college. In turn, each student has to look on and observe what is happening, and is called on later to give his account of what he witnessed.

He does this in a room that is an exact replica of a London police court. There are also settings of the higher courts such as those at the Old Bailey and the Assize Courts. Here with an instructor acting as judge or magistrate, the student goes into the witness box. He is examined and cross-examined, while the "magistrate" asks him questions with a view to putting his coolness and credit as a witness to the severest test.

The classrooms at the college which are set as courts are also used to teach the cadets every detail of the procedure of the courts of law. It is laid down in the curriculum that at the end of the course, each student must know: evidence and procedure; Common Law and Statute Law; British Constitution, especially the Crown, Parliament, Legal and Judicial Systems; Central and Local Government; treatment of prisoners and their rights; the framing of summonses, and the legal aspects of arrests, with or without warrant.

When the student at the London Police College completes his course he is something of a Jack-of-all-trades. But he will be master of them as well. It is not only as a policeman well versed in legal matters that he will undergo specialized training. He is to be something of a doctor, a chemist, a mechanician, an electrician, an accountant and a business man.

Every classroom in the College is arranged and equipped with a view to intensive training in what Lord Trenchard and the British Home Office consider is now necessary if the "Bobby" is to be an efficient crime fighter.

As well as those settings of types of crimes, of street accidents and riots, and of a replica of a police court, there is, for instance, in the medical classroom, a complete equipment similar to what is to be found in any large hospital in the anatomical section. A skeleton with perfectly articulated joints; a skull; specimens of the human organs; and, round the walls, diagrams from which the student has to make himself familiar with every portion of the human body.

The lectures which are given here by specialists in the medical profession in London teach the student exactly how, in the case of murders, the victim met his or her death. Marks on the skull will show the police cadets from which angle the fatal blow was struck. They will each what degree of force was used and the nature of the instrument employed by the murderer.

If the crime has been committed by a knife, they will be taught in the medical classroom to judge for themselves the respective positions in which the murderer and his victim must have been, when the murder took place, by the evidence of the type of wound. In the case of killing by revolver or other bullets, the student finally emerges from the medical classes with the

Continued on Page 17

Before the Plaster Cast of the Footprint Is Removed a Careful Sketch Is Made of the Earth Immediately Surrounding It.

In the Course of Instruction in the Police Academies Great Attention Is Given to the Study of Footprint Molds.

In the Berlin Police College Students Are Shown Many Skulls With Various Wounds, and Are Made to Explain the Kind of Weapon Which Inflicted the Wound in Each Case.

New Evening Coats

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

Evening Coat by Patou Which Combines Black Stiff Velvet With Ermine. The Coat Is Cut Surplice at the Top and Is Tied at the Waist With a Bow of the Material. The Skirt Part Is Fitted Over the Hips and Flares Below. The Bolero of Ermine Looks Like a Separate Fur Piece, but It Is Attached to the Velvet Except at the Edges, Which Are Loose. Both at the Sides and in the Back, and Faced With Velvet. The Sleeve Is of Ermine to Just Above the Elbow, and Then Turns Into a Full Puff of the Velvet, Shirred in at the Wrist for Warmth.

A Molyneux Evening Wrap With a Cape That Is Almost Square, Without a Collar, and With Much Fullness at the Hem. There Are Slits for the Arms, and Sleeves Are Indicated by the Folds of the Material, Which Are Gathered Into a Big Knot. Sometimes There Is a Soft Bow at This Point. The Very Simple Gown Is in Brown Crepe de Chine, With Big Bows of the Same at the Hem. Over This Is Put the Cape of Olive-Green Velvet, Lined With the Same Crepe as the Gown, Which Shows in the Softly Turned-Back Revers That Run the Lengths of the Fronts.

Velvet Coat From Alix. It Is Mahogany Color and Is Not Flared at All, but Open Up the Front to Accommodate the Fullness That There Is in the Old Rose Satin Gown That Is Worn Under It. The Fur Border at the Edge Is on the Gown. There Are Big Drooping Sleeves of the Kind Called "Angel" and a Small Cravat of the Velvet Edged With Fox. The Sleeves Are Lined With the Same Old Rose Satin That Makes the Gown. The Two Shades Are Very Carefully Chosen to Complete Each Other, and Rather Suggest a Pink Tea-rose, With the Brown-Red of Its Stem.

Over a Slim Gown of Rich Brown Medium-Weight Velvet, Lelong Places a Cape of Unpatterned Gold Lame. Shirring It Into a Band of Mink That Holds It in to the Figure at the Hem. The Mink Continues Round the Edges of the Cape, Getting a Little Wider at the Top to Form a Collar. There Are Dolman Sleeves, Full on the Top of the Shoulder, With Slits for the Arms. The Cape Is Entirely Lined With the Brown Velvet of the Gown.

PARIS, Dec 7

WITH evening gowns of every sort, from medieval robes, to slender lines almost too narrow to walk in, let alone dance in, a great diversity in evening wraps was to be expected, and it is being. There are wonderful long coats, in rich fabrics—stiff velvets, stiff brocades, even in the new thick laces. There are flared, three-quarter Persian jackets in stunning patterned materials—sometimes entirely in spangles. There are slim three-quarter wraps, either matched or contrasted with their gowns; jackets, fitted, flared, or hanging loose in vestment style; and, finally, the capes, narrow or full, long, three-quarter or short. And fur coatees, full length fur coats and capes galore, and one appreciates the variety of the choice.

Among the long coats, none is more effective than Patou's model, sketched on this page. He was so pleased with it, that he repeated it in Hudson seal and broadcloth for the day time. For evening, it is done in stiff black velvet and ermine. The ermine bolero looks like a separate coatee, but it is really attached to the body of the coat, except at the edges, which are loose all around, and faced with the velvet.

Alix, a designer who has had great success this season, made the other velvet long coat, in the new mahogany shade. Again, she chose stiff velvet, just touching it with mahogany dyed fox at the neck. The fur band around the hem, that looks as if it were on the coat, is really on the gown, which is made of old rose shiny satin, in a delicate tea-rose shade, carefully chosen to make a new color harmony with the mahogany of the wrap. You have seen tea-rose trees with just this dark red-brown shade in their woody stems.

Alix has another evening coat which is a most sumptuous garment. It is made of special material, a combination of gold and dull black satin, embossed in a rich design, and looking exactly like Cordova leather from some old Spanish palace. This she has used for a furious coat—the fabric is too rich to need fur—with no collar, sweeping lines, and immense puffed sleeves. It will appear magnificent on the right woman. A third wrap of hers is a long, ample, Arab burnouse of pale blue broadcloth, with a hood for the head, worn over a gown of thick deep gray shiny satin. She earns her reputation for originality.

If one does not wish another long velvet evening coat, one might try a cape this season, though really the new capes look quite different from last year's. Lelong particularly favors the cape, especially in his special bloused form. His collection is bloused from beginning to end, even his simple frocks being deeply bloused in the back, above their waistlines. Here he uses a rich unpatterned gold lame, over a slim gown of brown velvet. The thick gold folds are gathered into a band of mink that runs all around the edges, widening a little at the top to form a moderate fur collar. There are "sleeves" of dolman persuasion, merging into the folds of the cape, and with slits for the arms. The cape wraps over with the hands in front, and blouses very much in the back in Lelong's new line.

Then there is Molyneux's model, which pleases him so much that he does it several times in the same collection in different color combinations. Here, over a gown of deep brown crepe, he puts a full, almost square cape-wrap of olive green velvet. There is no collar, so that a separate fur may be worn with it, and the cape is lined with the brown crepe of the gown, turned back in front to show in revers. The model is very full below the shoulders, and the sides are slit for the arms, with a big knot of the material coming at the joint of the elbow. Sometimes there is a soft bow here instead. In this model, he preferred to keep his bows at the hem of the gown. He likes decorated hems this year; in one slim black velvet model, the hem is turned up stiffly with red velvet; in another, of thinner brown velvet, the hem is entirely in gold spangles. His evening gowns of thin materials, not or lace, are often ruffled at the hem, while those in thicker fabrics are slim and slit. He even borders a few of his evening skirts with ostrich plumes.

Fur capes are still popular for evening wear, and the latest fur for them is white fox. Several houses show splendid capes with rows and rows of fox skins, used without their tails. Tails, however, are seen on stoles and scarfs again this Winter. Usually the skins run round the figure; sometimes they are used up and down, often the capes dip considerably in the back.

Fur-lined capes for evening are something of a novelty. Molyneux shows two, one in velvet, the other in wool, both black, and lined with spotless ermine. He has another, on a black velvet gown, made of Hudson seal, and lined with red velvet. Hudson as an evening fur is decidedly new. Worth is determined that we shall be warm this Winter and gives us evening capes of thick woolen fabrics, trimmed with fox, to ensure it. Few feather capes are left in the mode, but Worth shows several in dyed hackle feathers, lined with velvet.

In the general feeling for separate furs, we often find evening wraps with removable fur trimmings, making them suitable to any climate.

Amazing New Light

DEVELOPED BY SCIENCE

Reduces Danger of Eyestrain

OTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

NEW! MAZDA CHRISTMAS TREE LAMPS. New multiple type. If one lamp burns out, the rest keep right on burning.

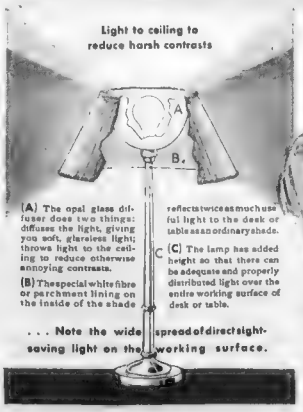
FOR THE FAMILY! A SUNLAMP. Buy a sunlamp equipped with a General Electric MAZDA Sunlight Lamp, either Type S-1 or Type S-2. Many attractive models.

NEW! THREE-LITE INDIRECT FLOOR LAMP! Three levels of light from one bulb. Costs but little more than an ordinary lamp.

FOR SNAPSHOTS INDOORS! Use MAZDA Photoflood lamps, 22½, for home movies and snapshots; MAZDA Photoflash lamps, 15¢, for action pictures.

FOR ECONOMICAL LIGHT!—Christmas and all the year. For good light at low cost fill all sockets with lamps made by General Electric.

Reading, studying and other close seeing tasks made easier under the abundant, glareless light of an I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp



(A) The opal glass diffuser does two things: diffuses the light, giving you soft, glareless light; throws light to the ceiling to reduce otherwise annoying contrasts.

(B) The special white fibre or parchment lining on the inside of the shade reflects twice as much useful light to the desk or table as an ordinary shade.

(C) The lamp has added height so that there can be adequate and properly distributed light over the entire working surface of desk or table.

. . . Note the wide spread of direct sight-saving light on the working surface.

This tag identifies an I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp. Be sure to look for it when you buy.

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT LIGHT AND SEEING

THAT if your child reads with his book appreciably closer than 14 inches from his eyes, he probably does so because the light is not adequate for him to see comfortably. This condition may cause near-sightedness. He needs the attention of an eyesight specialist, better light, or both.

THAT good light is an even greater help to defective eyes than to good eyes. The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp is an aid to both kinds.

THAT it is not enough to have good light over your book or work. To avoid eyestrain, the rest of the room should be moderately well lighted. The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp throws light to the ceiling for general illumination.

THAT an additional quantity of light is no substitute for the services of an eyesight specialist—but it is a tool just like eye-glasses.

THAT most people, when they let their eyes tell them how much light they need, select from twenty to fifty times the amount they now use.

Twenty out of every one hundred school children are handicapped by defective vision; forty out of every one hundred college students have impaired eyesight, and this proportion increases as the years roll up until ninety-five out of one hundred over sixty years of age have weakened eyes.

•

. . . Throughout America, stores are featuring the *New* I. E. S. BETTER SIGHT LAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS

The New I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp was developed to help you protect the eyes in your home

It was created by the Illuminating Engineering Society, specifically to give you the abundant, glareless light that your eyes need to help ward off the dangers of eyestrain when you read, sew, study or engage in other everyday seeing tasks.

It is revolutionary! It is utterly new and different! It embodies a combination of sight-saving principles that you cannot find in any other lamp.

What the I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp does

Gives several times as much useful light as the ordinary lamp. A special white surfaced lining in the shade reflects twice as much light as an ordinary shade.

Gives soft, glareless light. Its opal glass bowl softens and diffuses the light and eliminates all direct and reflected glare. You should never read or work facing a glaring light.

Provides general illumination. The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp throws some light to the ceiling to help illuminate the entire room.

Gives you light where you need it. The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp is made to distribute its light over a wide working area.

Gives you new beauty for your home. Its stately height and graceful proportions will be appreciated by any woman.

It will not correct defective eyes. Only an eyesight specialist can do that. But it will help young eyes develop normally and bring greater eye-comfort to older eyes.

The General Electric Company does not make the new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp—but does recommend its use in every home for tasks that require close seeing, such as reading, studying and sewing.

This new lamp is made by many manufacturers. It comes in floor and table models, in many different styles. You have a wide selection of silk, parchment or paper shades and an infinite variety of bases to choose from. Prices are within the reach of everyone, but in every model of I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp you get the same sight-saving features. See it now at your department or furniture store, lighting fixture dealer or lighting company. *Be sure to look for the I. E. S. approval tag.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

FREE

Please send me your folder describing the new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp and your booklet the "New Story of Seeing."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Heart Appeal

by Jennifer Ames

The Fascinating Story of a Modern Business Girl Who Thought Marriage Old-Fashioned

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LOOKING about her luxurious Manners office as the new head of Women's [illegible] Department, Kathleen [illegible] her self-made career. [illegible] Lea Watkins, who [illegible] Kathleen's heart [illegible] Kathleen's [illegible] Lea [illegible] Kathleen [illegible] Lea [illegible] Kathleen [illegible] Lea [illegible] Kathleen

Heart Appeal

by Jenefer Innes

(Continued from Page 14)

"You think, then, that she should play up to a man's sense of superiority?"

"Not consciously, but since she's a child, I'm sure she would instinctively," he countered. "After all, it's an age-old instinct and it's harmless. Besides, it must be quite pleasant for the woman."

Going up the broad stone steps to the hotel, his arm through hers, Kathleen admitted it was. Derek always treated a woman with a faint masculine air of possession, even women he scarcely knew. It rarely failed to please them, although, occasionally, it got him into trouble. Some women inferred more from it than he meant.

He nodded to several of the clerks, and the head waiter asked him if he would like his usual table. Evidently he frequented the Plaza. Kathleen found herself wondering if he came here often with other women, and who the women were.

She found, to her astonishment, that she would like to imagine he came here only with business associates, or men friends; which, of course, was absurd. Without being in any way a woman's man, Derek never made any secret of the fact that he liked female society. Possibly because women flattered him. He was the type of man women flattered. And Derek had a strong streak of personal vanity in his composition.

"You come here often?" she questioned.

He nodded. "It's convenient."

"And expensive," she amended with a smile.

He laughed. "You've got me there. I suppose that is one of the secrets why I do come here. I'm childish enough to want to swank a little now that I can swank. I think everyone, who has once been poor, has that instinct." His gray eyes smiled a challenge into hers. "Haven't you got it, Kathie?"

She admitted it. "To some extent, certainly. Though I don't think a woman ever has the pure desire to swank as much as a man has. For instance, however much money I was making it would never occur to me to come here by myself. Instinctively I'd go to a far more modest place. But you'd come here alone, wouldn't you?"

"Of course. And I'd enjoy it. I frequently come here alone, and watch the people. It's amusing and stimulating. Besides, there's a game I play. I pick out the loveliest woman in the room and imagine I know her intimately. I plan the whole course of our relationship, past, present and future."

She said, "Yes, I can picture you doing that." And she could. Derek was essentially a romantic. Perhaps all men were. All their lives they remained little boys full of impossible dreams—some impracticable, but others, which they were able, as they grew older, to materialize.

But the dreams of women were usually practical. That might be why the great things in this world were inevitably the product of a man's mind rather than a woman's. His fancies soared higher and, occasionally, like Einstein or Mussolini, he chained those fancies to reality.

He remarked presently, as they waited for the first course, "You haven't changed, Kathie."

She was indignant. "You're wrong, Derek. I've changed completely. Sometimes, when I look back upon the girl I was when you knew me, I can't believe that she and I are the same person."

He laughed at her, in that soft amused way he had laughed at her in the past. And, as she listened to his laughter, and felt his keen quizzical gaze upon her, the exterior of successful business woman began to crumble.

He could, just by laughing at her like that, reduce Miss Kathleen Manners, the head of the advertising department of Webbers Department Store, with a full staff under her, to the rather scared little girl who had come round to his lodgings one wet Winter's night, eight years previously, to answer his advertisement for an evening typist.

"You like to imagine you've changed," he told her. "We all do, once we've succeeded. But not one of us ever changes, really. Brought up against the same set of circumstances we all act in exactly the same way, over and over again."

"That's nonsense," he interrupted. Her voice was hot and indignant. "I'm sure I shouldn't act at all in the same way now as . . . as I might have acted when I knew you."

Her face colored. She resented it, and was furious. She had been thinking of the night she had flung herself onto his neck and begged him not to leave her.

He said, rather cruelly "You mean, if I said I was going away you wouldn't burst into tears." His eyes were twinkling. "Please don't be offended," he went on rapidly. "But don't you think since we're going to be friends we may as well discuss our emotions of that time quite frankly? After all, why should we be ashamed of them? I don't see why anyone need be ashamed of a genuine emotion."

"You must have thought me a fool!" he exclaimed sharply.

"On the contrary," he told her, "it has been the thought of that scene which has endeared you to my memory. Had it not been for that I wouldn't have thought about you half as much as I have these past years. While I admit it embarrassed me at the time, I also admired you tremendously. It showed you had a genuine depth of feeling. Incidentally, of course, I was immensely flattered." He added, raising one eyebrow slightly, "Are you furious with me?"

"No," she said. "No. It would be silly to be furious, wouldn't it, since it happened?"

"Quite absurd," he agreed. "And now you've got over that, I would like to know what you think I'm going to do about you."

She was startled. "But what do you mean? I thought——"

She stared at him. He was laughing at her. He was not serious. He was merely playing with her. She felt a fool. At one time she had had a big bit of money and enough to help get her going. And, of course, that was out of the question.

She asserted that though she didn't see what it could have been out of the question she had had a big bit of money and enough to help get her going, anyway. And, of course, that was out of the question.

"I almost wish you hadn't told me that," he said. "I would have liked to help you. It would have been fun. At one time I had quite a lot of money to spend, and, of course, that was out of the question."

She asserted that though she didn't see what it could have been out of the question she had had a big bit of money and enough to help get her going, anyway. And, of course, that was out of the question.

"You must have thought me a fool!" he exclaimed sharply.

"On the contrary," he told her, "it has been the thought of that scene which has endeared you to my memory. Had it not been for that I wouldn't have thought about you half as much as I have these past years. While I admit it embarrassed me at the time, I also admired you tremendously. It showed you had a genuine depth of feeling. Incidentally, of course, I was immensely flattered." He added, raising one eyebrow slightly, "Are you furious with me?"

"No," she said. "No. It would be silly to be furious, wouldn't it, since it happened?"

"Quite absurd," he agreed. "And now you've got over that, I would like to know what you think I'm going to do about you."

She was startled. "But what do you mean? I thought——"

He stared at her. He was laughing at her. He was not serious. He was merely playing with her. She felt a fool. At one time she had had a big bit of money and enough to help get her going, anyway

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

Suddenly Wu Tu Struck at the Afghan With the Speed of a Snake.

CHAPTER XVII.

Zaman Ali Bargains.

Blair could not have forced himself to speak intelligently. His throat was burning. But he would not have yielded in any event. It was simply between [illegible] and he [illegible] had a current chess to tackle. There was not much risk of Zaman Ali using the revolver—[illegible] if Zaman Ali, a dead certain, wants [illegible] to the heart of a mountain alive, for some purpose or other.

He gave water. Undoubtedly Zaman Ali knew where water could be found and [illegible] Blair guessed [illegible] Afghan knew how [illegible] was. He [illegible] to close his lips, to breathe coolly, and to look like a man with information and resources in reserve as he strode toward him.

Zaman Ali laughed. It was a snarl and a sneer combined, but there was humor in it—cruel humor that anticipated triumph. "There are streams of cool water," he said, "in paradise. So it is written. There is water of secret springs in the graves of dead [illegible] stronger than fear or weariness.

He took [illegible] Through the wide doorway at the back came three of the men whom Blair had seen at Wu Tu's in Bombay. One was the owner of the brown-nosed white horse and the blackjack, who had looked absurd in striped socks. He was wearing the shoes now, [illegible] and one was [illegible] shirt. He was wild-eyed with excitement.

"Have you a weapon?" he asked in English, snapping the words out, peering into Blair's face. "No," he said over his shoulder. "He has no weapon." Then he produced the little blackjack from inside his shirt. He slipped it on the palm of his left hand. "I have this," he said. "Among [illegible] You are acquainted with its efficacy. Are you thirsty?" He slapped the weapon into his hand a second time. "If you are already very thirsty, that is a simplification. We had thought we might be forced to wait until tomorrow. There is no water exactly here. Do you want any? I could get it."

"Where is Taron Ling?" repeated Zaman Ali.

Blair stood silent. The man with the blackjack was of a perfectly familiar type—capable of any cruelty; equally incapable of sympathy or courage. There was nothing on earth to be gained by arguing with him. He was within reach. It might have been possible to knock him out with a sudden hook to the jaw, or to trip and fall on him; but to attempt to do either, and fail, was to invite intelligent but brutal revenge.

Zaman Ali was the only real man in sight. A rogue, yes. A ruthless, ably, not improbably treacherous, and certainly shameless scoundrel. But a man. Well hidden, but discoverable somewhere in his character were principles for which Zaman Ali would be willing to die in his boots. The others were human jackals. Blair strode up to Zaman Ali and the Afghan understood that perfectly. He nodded.

"Aye," he said, "this is an issue between thee and me."

He turned fiercely on the others and ordered them back whence they came, using scurrilous words that, where he came from, would have set Death on tip-toe for the harvest. But he had a revolver and they had none.

They retreated grinning, as if it were a good joke to hear their mothers' memory reviled. Then Zaman Ali shrugged his shoulders, with a sour look at the idol on the ancient altar:

"Curses on such a religion!" he muttered. Then, more loudly: "But there is a secret here worth plucking forth. I have sold drunk gear in my day, but by heaven, Blair Warrender, today's price is the highest!"

Somehere beyond the doorway, someone began pouring water from one vessel into another. It splashed delightfully.

"And there is salt," said Zaman Ali. "I have seen more than one man, trussed within sight and sound of water, given salt to eat. If I remember rightly, it was not too long before they chose between alternatives. There is the other salt, of the oath one man makes to another. Choose thou between them, Blair Warrender!"

The Afghan kept well out of arm's reach. The sight of knife and revolver was unlikely to persuade a man whom thirst had maddened, but Blair was not nearly maddened yet, and the Afghan knew it. He evidently did not wish to use his weapons; he wished to barge. The very tone of voice implied that his men were listening for a cue to rush in and very swiftly stop any [illegible] Blair might offer.

Whatever Zaman Ali's motive might be, he evidently wanted Blair alive and uninjured for some definite purpose. But Blair had a good excuse for not trying to speak, and he made the most of it. He waited in silence for Zaman Ali to unmask a motive. Zaman Ali stared into his smoldering eyes.

"Perhaps you have the heart to die of thirst," he said after a long pause. "But by my beard I see no sense in it." He laughed curtly. "I have seen obdurate men die of torture." The windy look came into his eyes, as if he stared at a hard horizon. "Allah only knows what gain they won of that. Die, if you like, Blair Warrender. I have the giving of death. I will give without flinching. Thou and I, it may be, are two of one willfulness. But in the matter of a choice between betrayals, only Allah, who knoweth all things, know what a tortured man will choose."

He strode to the light off Dam daylight, through the openings at either end of the little temple, created a dim twilight which the carved stalactite monsters on the walls grinned like gray ideas half-visioned in a waking dream.

The splashing of water increased perceptibly. The sooty sweat on Zaman Ali's face exaggerated the seams of savagery, and the pupils of his eyes grew large, but lost no hardness.

"Do you understand," he said, "that you were driven hither, as they drove that tiger to your gun in the night? That was a long task, and expensive. I was against employing Taron Ling. But Wu Tu took the bit in her teeth and was worse to manage than a mad mare. I would have put the torture to you there in Bombay, but Wu Tu would have none of it; and by Allah, having some experience of women, and of Wu Tu, I perceived there was more than one blade to the knife of her argument. So I used your pass and Chetusingh's to draw the police off my trail; and I came hither. Your trail—Wu Tu was right about that—was as easy to foretell as a colt's when the mares are up-wind, seeing how Wu Tu had forced an issue by sending to the papers news that Frennisham is missing. There was none except you likely to be sent to question Frennisham's daughter. None other can bridle that filly, unless—"

He paused. He appeared to wish to feel out prejudices and to find a compromise between them. He was telling too much, for a man who felt he held the whip hand.

Blair gave him no help—waited -watched—betrayed no curiosity. But he perfectly understood that Zaman Ali meant to go the limit if argument failed. There was a stiff proposition coming. The alternative to torture was likely to be nothing easy.

He began to see Wu Tu's eyes again, and that worried him because it might mean he was losing self-control. His only imaginable chance was that delay might bring some of the Commissioner's or Howland's men to the rescue. But Zaman Ali guessed that thought was in his mind.

"The police hunt for me in Calcutta," he said. "They who followed the trail have been dealt with. They are dead. Do thou of thirst here, and none will know it. But such a death will serve what purpose? Allah! I would rather watch thee dying than see the woman in the case cast! Be that on your head! The Frennisham sahiba's torment shall begin where yours ends! Some men say women are [illegible] than dogs; but I am not of that number. I say women vary; and it may be one of them now and again is worth a man's life and everything else that he has."

The splashing continued. Zaman Ali strode to the open doorway and someone put a brass goblet of water into his outstretched hand. He swilled out his mouth, drank deep, shook the remaining drops on the dry floor, returned the empty goblet and again faced Blair.

"Henrietta Frennisham sahiba," he said slowly, "is at your mercy—if you have any. As for me, I have none, excepting at a high price."

Blair took a step backward and leaned against the ancient altar, partly because his face was then in deeper shadow; but he also knew he needed physical support. It was the prize-fighter's trick of taking every opportunity to rest and conserve energy, while looking like fighting.

If it was true that Henrietta was in danger of being tortured, he could not help her, himself or anyone by choosing death first rather than yield to the Afghan's demands. But it was not yet time to admit that.

The thirst that he already felt was sufficiently fierce to tax will power, and he knew from previous experience that it was nothing compared to what was coming unless he could get water soon. He might have the strength to endure that and die. But could he leave her to that fate?

"There is a secret here," said Zaman Ali, "and she has it. If she has not, she can get it. If she will not, she shall die. It is thy task, Boo Jar Warrender, to break that filly to the rein and get the secret. Do it, and both of you have my leave to live. Fail, and you have not my leave to live. And by Allah, that is the whole story."

He came closer and stood watching Blair's face. Then he went to the doorway, demanded water, spilled half of the contents of the little goblet on the floor and offered the rest to Blair.

"Drink," he said. "Then answer. That is your last drink, until you and I agree together."

Blair moistened his mouth. Then he drank and set the empty goblet on the altar beside the idol. It might serve for a weapon; it would be better than nothing.

"Where is Taron Ling?" Zaman Ali demanded.

It was the third time he had asked that question. Blair decided not to answer it.

"Wait and see," he said, testing his voice. It was very important to speak calmly if he possibly could. Nothing tells in the East more strongly in a man's favor than a level voice in poignant circumstances. Nothing gives a man better command of himself. His voice came hoarsely from his throat, but it still had some quality.

Zaman Ali's eyes glanced anxiously at the gap in the broken masonry. He seemed afraid Taron Ling might enter. His hand closed tight on his revolver that. He even stepped to the gap, peered through and paused to listen. Then he returned and stared at Blair's eyes.

"Did you make a bargain with him?" he demanded.

Blair clung to his resolution not to answer. The Afghan's fear was probably more deadly than his greed, but there was a long chance, perhaps one in a thousand, that fear of Taron Ling might make him easier to manage.

"You—and that dog of a devil agreed on what?" Zaman Ali demanded.

Someone else answered him: "No matter what!"

That was Wu Tu's voice—**unmistakably** hers. Something moved in the gloom behind Zaman Ali and the voice continued: "Trust an Afghan to flinch from a mere dagger! Out of the way and let me handle him!"

She was half-invisible against the stalagmite behind her. She peered through the folds of a sari that shrouded her head and shoulders, looking unexpectedly small beside Zaman Ali's bulk—small, frail, vital.

Her eyes were a determined devil's. She kept out of Blair's reach. "Who cares what Taron Ling the dupes did? Watch what I do!" If he dislodge me, tie him and bring the salt." She **advanced a step closer.** "Are you willing to obey me?"

Blair's eyes smoldered and grew calm again. It was useless to defy her openly. Zaman Ali and his men could overwhelm him in a moment, and Wu Tu would have less compunction than a tigress. But could he deceive her? He avoided her stare for a **moment and then met it** suddenly, as if trying to read her mind. His own was made up.

"I made you an offer," she said, "in Bombay. I repeat it for the last time. To the top of the tree—power—all you wish!—if you obey me. Otherwise—"

Why, if she had such secret power, did she need a mere policeman's will in submission to hers? He was no such fool as to believe she was in love with him, but she was doing tricks with her eyes now, making them look seductive—feline-fierce and feline-amorous, darkly purposeful and moody with anticipation.

Zaman Ali clucked a disapproving tongue against his teeth. He disliked any sort of magic, even for his own ends. But he was rather afraid of Wu Tu or else he feared to oppose her for some other reason.

"In the name of the Nine-and-Ninety Names of the Almighty Lord of heaven and earth and all that is," he muttered

Wu Tu, shrouded in thin silk drapery, came one step nearer, radiating perfume. "You surrender?"

There was a long pause, and then

"Yes!" Blair answered.

He felt better and knew he had acted wisely the moment he said it. It was mental ju-jitsu. The difficulty now, would be to act that spoken lie and not to disillusion her too soon.

The triumph in her eyes betrayed her. Zaman Ali muttered his doubt half-audibly. But she, in the heart of her vain heart, believed her hypnotic will had won

CHAPTER XVIII.

Turned Tables.

"NO, no! No drink for him yet!" said Wu Tu. He of the blackjack had hurried in with a big bucket of water, seeking to ingratiate himself by being first with it. Blair made a mental note of the man's craving to be important.

Rebuked, he pretended he had only come to add to Blair's discomfort. He splashed water on the floor and grinned spitefully. Zaman Ali drove him out, cursing his mother's religion in terms of concrete imagery.

Wu Tu promptly dismissed Zaman Ali, who resented it. He had no use for being ordered to and fro by women; he also resented having had Blair snatched, as it were, from the fangs of his own intention.

After a muttered altercation the Afghan swaggered out, slapping his slippers on the smooth stone as a sort of obbligato to scurrilous thought. Outside, he kicked someone; there was an explosion of savage oaths followed by the snarl of a fight that died unborn. In spite of Blair's and exhaustion Blair began to feel encouraged. There was a rift in the enemy's ranks, but he masked his awareness of that.

Wu Tu stood more than the length of a stride away, confident but careful. The suffocating heat provided a good excuse to throw open the dark silk saris that shrouded her figure. Beneath those was a mere film of gauzy material, that shone like opal. It limned her figure. She was almost naked.

She shook the sari from her coiled, dark hair and, possibly because the light was dim and from new emotions, she looked suddenly young, but curiously Chinese. Her perfume suggested lavender, but it was something much more subtly exciting than that; it stirred imagination.

"And now," she said, "we be friend each other? Eh, Blair?"

He nodded. "You hold all the high cards."

"But you are treacherous! You intend to learn my secret—afterwards to use me at the devil—is it not so? Eh, Blair?—or perhaps, like Zaman Ali—eh?—you think of blackmail?"

He suspected he was in the deadliest danger he had ever been in. He did not know yet what the danger was. He did know he had to deceive her and to gain her confidence by some means. Her accurate reading of his thought might not be entirely guesswork.

She intended to control him. That was obvious. She certainly believed she had hypnotized him in her house in Bombay, and to a limited extent she was right; he had been unable to banish the mental image of her eyes. That trick was nothing wonderful. It was not nearly as wonderful as Taron Ling's. It was as easy to explain as ineradicable memories of scenes glimpsed in an explosion and photographed on the brain. But it might be a key to a system of thought reading; and if so, it should work both ways.

If she could read his thought by that means, or in consequence of that, then perhaps he could read hers. He deliberately recalled that vision of her eyes that had been so persistent. It was quite easy. He could see them without looking away from her.

At once he thought he knew what she intended. His eyes searched her loosened sari. In one of its folds he saw the handle of a little dagger that resembled

(Continued on Page 18)

STOP NASTY HAWKING!

Relieve Embarrassing and Annoying Nasal Troubles with this New Fourfold Treatment!

THERE is no feeling of disgust and embarrassment like that of constantly hawking and spitting. If you have a stuffy head, if you blow your nose all day and all night, if you have a nasal passage over the eyes, if you have a hacking cough, if you have a horrible taste in the mouth, if you have a sore throat, if you have a cough, if you have a cold, if you have a fever, if you have a headache, if you have a backache, if you have a stomachache, if you have a toothache, if you have a earache, if you have a eyeache, if you have a noseache, if you have a throatache, if you have a coughache, if you have a coldache, if you have a feverache

Crime Colleges to Educate the Police

(Continued from Double Page)

-pot of the accident if need b. and give a lucid account of how, in his opinion, he met his death.

It is in the College laboratories, however, that the medico-legal training of the student is carried into the realms of the paths- ogist. Sir Bernard Spilsbury's fame has spread far outside England as the man who is retained by the Bedlam Home Office to use the Bedlam examinati- of the victims of murder, and to give evidence as to his findings as the expert wi- ness in almost every big murder trial in England for nearly twenty years; and in many cases it is his evidence which has led to the hanging of the accused person.

It is Sir Bernard Spilsbury who takes the Police College students through their course on the effects of poisoning, and who will instruct them in the various causes of violent death. In the laboratory, the policeman in embryo will learn to distinguish the different reactions of the human body to arsenic and strychnine, prussic acid and cyanide of potassium. Surrounded by a mass of test tubes, beakers, and retorts, the future Junior Station Inspector acquires practical knowledge that may lead one day to his wearing the rope that will be placed round the neck of the perpetrator of some particularly [illegible] crime.

But to the layman, crime and murder whose solution has, in recent years, been arrived at in the laboratory rather than in the sphere of sleuthing. Six years ago there was a trial at the Old Bailey of several people who were accused of having forged a will. The case for the Crown prosecution in its preliminary stages hung fire for want of absolutely conclusive evidence until chemical tests of the ink used in the disputed document were made. The reaction of the ink to those tests proved beyond a doubt that it was the same ink as that found in the possession of two of the accused persons, an ink which had certain peculiarities in its composition, and which had certainly never been used either by the testator or his lawyers. The evidence went very far to sending a man to the penitentiary at Dartmoor for twelve years and a woman to penal servitude for four years.

It is in the department of crime detection that the student at the Police College receives the most thorough training. Articles taken in turn being put to the student by the [illegible] from a piece of wax of [illegible] to a wall paper or an [illegible]. It is [illegible] pages of crime fiction that portray so [illegible] to a correct solution. At present, in the College, the use of the [illegible] to determine [illegible] from a [illegible] is [illegible] but [illegible] is known a [illegible] formation of dust on [illegible] is demonstrated to the [illegible] tracks.

An infinitesimal piece of thread from a button, and a strand of the finger nail, have [illegible] in securing the conviction of [illegible] known as London Peter [illegible] history as the Eltham Common murder and the Brixton Taxicab murder. Not only is the need for closely observing the tiniest detail as a possible clue, but the method of treating it in order to obtain the maximum amount of information from it, toward building up a clear case, is the end aimed at in the [illegible] of the London Police College.

From the [illegible] laboratories, with their [illegible] of blood-stain, search for and analysis of poisons, and other forensic matters in human bodies, the student steps into the photographic department.

While, of course, the future Junior Station Inspector is not expected to become a photographic expert—Scotland Yard already has its corps of specialists with the camera—he is trained how, as a detective of crime and criminals, to read a photograph with the closest observation so as to obtain from it the fullest information which it holds. He must learn how to direct the police camera men on arriving at the scene of a crime, so that no essential is overlooked, and all is registered photographically before it is too late.

It is worth noting in connection with the instruction in photography that is part of the curriculum at the London Police College, that experiments with cameras and plates for use of infra-red photography have shown the possibility of taking photographs which in cases of crime will reveal what the naked eye cannot see. A discoloration, a mark on fabric, even perhaps a sub-cutaneous bruise; these may soon be revealed by the infra-red photograph in a way hitherto quite impossible, and the detective may thus learn what will become of paramount importance as a clue.

Now the view held by the police authorities in London is that it would be quite useless to take the student into these various branches of specialized criminal detection work unless his mind were at the same time being prepared and trained, not only to use his faculties of observation, but to think and to reason logically. In other words, the police cadet has to be taught not merely how to make the best use of facts as he sees them; he has to learn to discard what is superfluous, to strip his case of all unessential details.

It is with this aim in view that what might first seem a totally superfluous subject of training has been introduced. Higher mathematics. When it was first announced that a part of the training of the London "Bobby" of the future would be in such matters as the differential calculus, logarithms and their use, trigonometry, and geometry, London laughed.

Why on how a knowledge of the equation of a parabola was going to help a policeman to arrest a smash-and-grab crook struck the Londoner as a question impossible to answer. The police authorities' reply is that higher mathematics and all they involve will train the mind of the police officer to think in a well-ordered manner, clearly along the highroad of his train of reasoning without side-tracking his thoughts.

Crime detection is undoubtedly very largely a mattter of deduction. A set of facts present themselves to the trained mind of the detective. To the untrained mind—which is an unobserving type of mind—many of these facts would not be visible. Having observed his facts, then, the detective proceeds to make his deductions from them. By a process of elimination of what cannot be the case, he arrives at what must be the case. That is his jumping-off ground in his pursuit of the criminal, whether it is a murder, a big fraud, or a jewel robbery.

Such power of deduction, Lord Trenchard claims, can only be properly achieved by training the mind with the help of mathematics, which teach a person that "a" is followed by "b," and that "d" or "g" must not be allowed to intrude out, of their correct sequence in a chain of reasoning.

They recognize, of course, at the College that experience is indispensable to the crime detector; that not until he has served a few years on the force can the cadet hope to gain the practical knowledge of criminals and their work which is already possessed by the superintendents and [illegible] who have spent a quarter of a century of warfare against crime behind them. But those days when are passed in the classroom and the novice can when a given based on the experience of the older and more [illegible] members of the force are soon used to give the [illegible] practical theory of what they will use it when actually confronted by the method- of crime.

Then there are the classes in psychology.

Probably only a few years ago the works of Lombroso, Havelock Ellis, Krafft Ebing were sealed books to the average member of the London Police Force. It was considered a waste of time for a knowledge of criminal psychology to enter the detective's [illegible] of crime. Today, a student at the College is taught for example that criminals of the higher and well-educated type are specialists. That the confidence man does not go in for burglary and hold-up. That the hotel jewel thief is a [illegible] and sharper. The [illegible] criminal—and he, of course, is the most dangerous [illegible] police have to fight—is [illegible] of the caliber about whom [illegible] that. A knowledge of [illegible] of criminal psychology alone helps the trained police officer to say [illegible] who may be allowing him to narrow down his search for the perpetrator of a particular [illegible] of crime.

The student is taught that crime largely imitative. [illegible] murder of the premeditated kind, this is noticeably so. A good instance is the case of Norman Thorne, who [illegible] and buried Sussex murdered an inconvenient sweetheart and tried to dispose of her body precisely as Patrick Mahon had done a year or so previously near Eastbourne, actually in the same county. That was a criminologist's know, not a mere coincidence. It was that Thorne faced with a crisis, had his [illegible] consciously or subconsciously influenced by all he had read and heard of the Mahon affair. Similarly, two years ago in England, there were three successive cases where murder was committed, and an attempt was made to burn up the house or building in which the deed had taken place, to hide the traces of the crime and pretend that the victim had met his or her death by burning. Again, there were two successive cases where persons were murdered in automobiles and the vehicles set alight.

Another feature of the criminal mind which will be laid before the college students is that almost every criminal has two weaknesses: fondness for gambling and for women. It is of course, in the nature of things that the criminal should be a gambler. His entire life is a case of taking risks and chances. He gambles his liberty, or in some cases his life, against large and quick gains. As soon as he has got his haul he plunges into an orgy of gaming. The knowledge of this has helped many a London detective to run down his quarry in one of the many clubs in Soho or other parts of the city. In the matter of women, despite the fact that the experienced criminal will tell you that he knows the danger of confiding in them and that he always works without them, he is in practically every case a philanderer with the fair sex. It is this philandering which gives a vast deal of help to the detective who knows of the weakness, and who sets out to make contact with some discarded mistress who [illegible] bears out the dictum that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

In the classes on criminal psychology at the Police College, the student gets to know also that all criminals are homing pigeons. Sooner or later they return to the spot they have chosen as their original haunt, compelled by a fascination that is infinitely stronger than their sense of danger. In cases where the identity of a wanted person is established and it is only a matter of finding him or her, the knowledge of the criminal mind is a great asset to the police officer.

These youths who have come direct from their public schools or universities at ages ranging from 20 to 26 and who have led the conventional lives of young men of good families, are necessarily without experience of the rawer side of life and of the cunning and craftiness of the criminal mind. In the fifteen months which they spend at the College, however, with lectures given them by officers of long experience on their cases, with literature and text books, and with instruction in the classes on psychology they are well equipped to embark on a career of crime fighting by having been taught most of the moves in the game played by the habitual crook.

There is a class for instruction in the reading of the crime index and fingerprints. The fingerprint system of identification, first adopted in London and perfected by the police of various countries according to

© 1934 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"MOIST-THROAT" Method ended Cough in 48 Hours

Extract of Medicinal Herb restores throat's Natural Moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Their healthy secretions have changed in character. Throat dries. Sticky mucus collects. You feel a tickling ... then a cough!

Put these glands back to work with PERTUSSIN! It stimulates their flow of natural moisture. Thick phlegm is loosened and "raised." Then coughing eases.

Pertussin is always safe, even for babies. Won't upset the stomach. Tastes good. Get a bottle today!

GLANDS HERE CLOG — THROAT DRIES — WHEN YOU COUGH, THEN COUGHING STARTS!

DOCTORS have prescribed Pertussin for over thirty years

PERTUSSIN

helps nature cure your cough

A Picture of ..HEALTH

"My children used to be so thin and sickly," one mother writes. "Then our doctor recommended Scott's Emulsion"

WHAT a joy to watch delicate, listless children turn the corner to HEALTH. What smiles from mother, when the girl who refused everything at table suddenly starts passing back her plate for "more". What chuckles from father as he watches *his son* round out into a sturdy young athlete.

For over fifty years, Scott's Emulsion has been accomplishing just such miracles of health-building. Our mothers and grandmothers never heard of vitamins. But they knew *from experience* that Scott's Emulsion was the best way to take cod liver oil . . . the sure way to put weight on thin little bodies.

Now along comes modern science, and discovers that grandmother was absolutely right. For scientific tests have proven that Scott's Emulsion is many times more digestible than plain cod liver oil.

This means that in Scott's Emulsion the vitamins are immediately absorbed by the system and begin their good work of building bones and resistance against colds and other infectious diseases at once.

Give your children Scott's Emulsion. All children like it. It doesn't overtax the digestion or upset the stomach as plain cod liver oil often does.

Scott's Emulsion is just as good for you and for older people. It increases vitality, gives fresh energy, fortifies against the dangerous effects of winter weather. Try Scott's Emulsion.

• • •

FREE SAMPLE: In order that you may see how pleasant tasting Scott's Emulsion is, let us send you a large trial bottle. Also, a sample of our new Scott's Cod Liver Oil Vitamin Tablets. Send 6¢ in stamps to cover mailing. Address: Scott & Bowne, 43 Orange Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

For Sale by your Druggist

RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS Gifts

FOR A MARVELOUS GIRL

She'll love them—these gay Christmas boxes in red, black, and silver! Filled with the loveliest cosmetics imaginable. Marvelous Face Powder, for instance, to keep her looking "Mirror Fresh"—as fresh as the moment she left her mirror! (Actually stays on from 4 to 6 hours.) Other Marvelous beauty aids—creams, lotions, rouge, lipstick—to make her beautiful for you. And shh! These Marvelous Gifts cost less than their modest cost will be good news to your pocketbook. Made by RICHARD HUDNUT, famous maker of fine cosmetics for more than fifty years. See them at the nearest drug or department store.

MARVELOUS MAKE-UP KIT (5 pcs.) $3.25
Contains Marvelous Face Powder... Rouge... Lipstick... Lash Cosmetic... Eye Shadow. (The last four in matching metal cases.)

MARVELOUS THREE-PIECE GIFT SET $2.85
Contains Marvelous Face Powder... Double Compact ... Lipstick... Eye Rings, safety catch...

MARVELOUS TWO-PIECE GIFT SET $1.25
Contains full-size box of Marvelous Face Powder (lasts on 4 to 6 hours) ... Marvelous Compact Powder in trim metal case (matching)

MARVELOUS THREE-PIECE GIFT SET $2.00
Contains Marvelous Face Powder ... Marvelous Compact Rouge and Marvelous Lipstick (flattering new shades) in matching metal ...

... RICHARD HUDNUT
Compacts & Vanities

CIGARETTE VANITY, $5 — COSTUME COMPACT, $2 — TRIPLE VANITY $2.75

THIS CHRISTMAS

NEW

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

on the jensen Smoke Tester

What a gift to give him this Christmas!

Do you know what they really are? Not wood but briar. Better even than the French briar pipes. Unsmoked wood pipes made over 40 feet underground, compressed and pressed New Drinkless Kaywoodie heat. By actual laboratory tests unsmoked, pure unsmoked wood. Not a drop of smoke. It's true. That's what "Kaywoodie means to me." Give it ... this Christmas

3.50

Send for Booklet . . . . . put in His Stocking

Send for fascinating Booklet about pipes, and put it in his stocking. Prince Kaywoodie pictures and tells all about how, since 1851, Drinkless has been made. Tells how to choose your Kaywoodie. Mail coupon for mailing.

Dept. W-8 Kaufmann Bros. & Bowers Inc.
Empire State Bldg., New York City, N.Y.

Ask your dealer to show you

Super-Grain 5

A SUPER-KAYWOODIE

Each pipe a rare and beautiful specimen pick of the world's choicest briar roots

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays the world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are gone a little at a time, all defects, such as blackheads, tiny freckles and pimple pores disappear. Soon you look fresher, clearer, years younger. Merc-o-lized Wax clears your skin, brings beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Soothes and refreshes tender skin. Use as cream or talcum (at night with brush) and see daily an exciting face beauty.

WE BUY INDIAN AND LINCOLN HEAD PENNIES

We pay up to $41.00 each for INDIAN Pennies and up to $2.50 each for one Lincoln Head dated 1858 or any years old. Send 10c for buying catalog of all United States coins, listing premiums we pay.

Continental Coin Co.
INCORPORATED
211 W Jackson Blvd.
Dept. 128, Chicago

Cuticura for Live Healthy Hair

Massage the scalp with Cuticura Ointment to remove the dandruff. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the hair and restore its natural gloss and vigor. Rinse thoroughly. This will keep your scalp in a healthy condition, and a healthy scalp is essential to good hair.

Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c.

Prepidemo: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 16)

the one he had never seen from her window. It could even be the same design.

Nothing else mattered then, except that now a thousand miles of Five Towns Trouble ceased to mind. A memories of certain wasps. They capture insects, sting them paralyze them and devour them later. It was a horrid, inviting thought.

That might not after all, have to abide within the shade of Wu Tu, the dragon, for ever.

Romance He had guessed it was unreal and he had told the Commissioner it was, but he sought honest, savage hate instead and was ashamed of it. Love, even one-sided love, is pure, and hate is not. Love is the opposite of fear, but hate is the child of fear.

He decided to pocket that dagger and he took a step toward her, saying: He remembered a name and used it, but

But I don't wish to.

He found word difficult. He forgot what he had to say to her. Mere

He commanded. But she ordered him to go. Then she took command. Wu Tu

She moved like a leopard. Perfume poured out from her and the monstrously figured wall He hardly saw her until he beckoned to her from the Zaman Ali. For a second or two at the end of a tunnel, however pointed in a golden face upon with into a big circular pit, but that strong light and the weirdly colored figures in the tunnel that made it more baffling that he could make out very little except her face.

He strode through the opening toward her, but turned aside and dealt and made for the bra

The owner of the back arose crouched beside it, at a sign from Wu Tu he upset it and the water became mud on the dusty floor.

With almost the greatest effort of self-control he had ever exerted yet Blair restrained from kicking it to pieces. The quest for treachery might prove valuable later on and meanwhile he was not worth risking.

Give him the other," Wu Tu commanded.

He who had spilled the water produced a flask. He opened "Cognac" and unscrewed the stopper. Zaman Ali grumbled.

"Who? Wine? Do you want him frenzied? Not for me! I have made terms with Taron Ling."

Blair accepted the flask. With his hand on Zaman Ali but his eyes on Wu Tu he poured the contents on the rock floor, where they mingled with the mud. The stuff looked like cognac, but its smell was not quite familiar, or he thought not.

"Elect you," he said to Wu Tu. "Zaman Ali plays a straight game. Yours is brothel-treachery."

He tilted the water jar. There were a few drops unspilled. He drank. He could have poured the jar while he held it to his mouth but no one took advantage of his being off guard for a moment.

"Does it satisfy?" Zaman Ali growled. "He may be better for Taron Ling has taught him a thing or two."

"Leave him to me," Wu Tu retorted.

The Afghan clucked impatience: "To you! To you! He is a man, this fellow. He and I can understand each other. What did you say to that other one? Spoiled him! Now spoil this one? Then what?"

Vague though it was, that ought be a hint of Chelmsford's fate. Spoiled him? What did that mean? Torture? Blair set down the water jar and stared at Wu Tu. She was muttering at Zaman Ali, taking no more than a passing interest in him. He was not very much afraid of her now.

Suddenly she struck at the Afghan with the speed of a snake. He stood fast again, realized that was the only way to frustrate the instinct that made him try to draw his own knife instead of using it. Instinct made him try to draw his own knife instead of using it against Wu Tu. But the owner of the back struck him a terrific blow on the back of the head. In a second he fired the revolver as he fell. He missed Wu Tu by the width of the room and that caused him hard neck.

Blair was on it then. He possessed that revolver before the echo of the first had rattled into silence. He made for Wu Tu. Wu Tu's gaze was in the Afghan's face. She was helpless to do anything but grip opposite.

The old back owner swung for the back of Blair's head. Two other men rushed him. He dodged them all, kicked the revolver, dribbled it along the tunnel for a few yards and picked it up before they could overtake him.

He had no need to threaten them, they backed away, watching him like cats as he stood with his back to the strong light.

He examined the weapon. Its six chambers contained five cartridges, and of those, four had been used. Perhaps Wu Tu already knew that, but there was no need to inform her if she did not know. The obvious next thing to do was to search Zaman Ali's body for cartridges; but Wu Tu had already recovered her thin bladded dagger and was first at the spoils.

She knelt beside the Afghan, listening to him, watching, glancing once or twice at Blair but seeming undisturbed by the fact that he now had a weapon. She searched the Afghan's clothes diligently while he stood at bay with glazed eyes, groaned, gasped, made inarticulate perhaps he thought were words. Apparently Wu Tu failed to find what she looked for.

"Well, he won't try to black mail me again," she said, staring at Blair. But she seemed, too, to look beyond him, as she spoke in a spasm of agony. But she was through with Zaman Ali, took no more notice of him. There was something else.

There was a sound. Blair faced about suddenly. Behind him, close to him, almost within reach—in shoes soled with thick felt—was the Chinese girl who had opened the door at the head of the stairs in the house in Rom bay.

He had turned just in time to see the cigarette in its long tube return to her lips. It was half an inch cigarette; there was ash on the end. Her eyes were inscrutable, her face expressionless, but he was almost sure he had seen her right hand move; four fingers of it were now in the pocket, with the long-nailed thumb outside. She looked too innocent.

She made as if to pass him without a greeting

He stood back against the wall as if to let her pass, but the moment she moved he stepped forward again, seized her left arm that was nearest to him—the one that held the cigarette.

She tried to strike then, with a weapon exactly like Wu Tu's. But its blade passed through the bottom of the pocket inside her pajamas. Its handle caught the pocket lining. It came out awkwardly. She missed.

Before she could stab a second time she was on her back on the ground, Blair's foot was on the dagger and there was a little stream of liquid oozing from its broken blade.

Then, for a fraction of a second, Wu Tu betrayed nervousness. She glanced about her swiftly and her own right hand crept to the folds of her sari. But there was Blair's revolver, and her eyes considered that.

There were three men between her and Blair; she seemed to doubt them more than him. They were Zaman Ali's followers. True, one of them had blackjacked Zaman Ali, but her glance showed how little she trusted him.

She rose slowly from her knees, and appeared to have begun a march on her; but she only came that in a moment, and when she smiled the tell-tale years had already vanished like a shadow that had passed over a young face.

"You and I befriend each other, eh, Blair? Let that girl up What did you do with Taron Line?"

"You will find out," he answered. "Where's Henrietta Prencham?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit	Prunes,	Fruit,	Fruit,	Fruit	Fruit	Fruit
Cereal	Whole	Hot Cereal,	Cereal,	Cereal.	Cereal with	Cereal
Toast	Grain	Frizzled or	Scrambled	Raw Potato	Raisins.	Creamed
Pear	Cereal,	Creamed	Eggs with	Pancakes,	Plum Cooker	Egg
Marmalade	Poached	Dried Beef,	Minced	Bacon,	*Muffins,*	Graham Toast,
Coffee	Eggs.	Toast,	Bacon,	Coffee.	Coffee	Coffee
Luncheon	Graham	Coffee.	Toast,	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Tuscany	Toast,	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	Oyster	Boston	*(Oven Baked)*
Rice	Coffee.	Dried Lima	*Luncheon*	Stew,	Baked Beans,	Veal, Beef and
(Brown)	*Luncheon*	Beans in	Vegetable	Crackers,	Brown Bread,	Pork Loaf
Waldorf Salad	Spaghetti	Casserole,	Soup with	Jelled	Orange and	Brown Gravy
Rice	Bolognese,	Green	Ground	Cranberry	Date Salad,	Baked Diced
Ice Bites	Fruit	Bouquet	Round Steak,	and Pineapple	individual	Carrots
Tea	Salad,	Salad,	Corn Bread	Salad,	Pumpkin Pies	Baked Stuffed
French	Rolls	Date Nut	Sticks,	Celery,	(Left by left	Sweet
Cookies	Cocoa	Muffins,	Fruit Trifle,	Coffee.	from	Potatoes
Dinner	*Dinner*	Tea or Cocoa	Molasses	*Dinner*	Tuesday)	or Baked
New	Tomato	*Dinner*	Cookies,	Casserole of	Tea,	Noodles,
England	Frappe,	Tomato	Tea,	Macaroni	Cocoa	Endive
Boiled	Spanish	Frappe,	*Dinner*	with Mushroom	Baked	Salad
Dinner,	Guisado	Spanish	*(Camp style)*	Sauce,	Stuffed Pork	Spanish
Tomato	Buttered	Guisado	Rabbit	Buttered	Tenderloin,	Dressing,
Salad,	Broccoli,	Buttered	Stew,	Asparagus,	Cream Gravy,	Orange
Apple	Baked	Broccoli,	Quick	Spiced	Giblet	Sponge
Pie or	Squash,	Baked	Biscuits,	Beets,	Apples with	*Supper*
Pumpkin	Dutch	Squash,	Emergency	Lettuce	Sweet Potatoes	Potato Salad
Pie	Apple Cake	Dutch	Salad	with Chives	Steamed	in Tomato
with	or Upside	Apple Cake	(Left Overs),	Dressing,	Turnip Salad,	Aspic Jelly
Honey	Down	or Upside	Raisin	Suet Pudding	Caramel	Muffins,
Tapioca	Apricot Cake	Down	Pie or	with Hard	Rice Mange	Fruit Compote,
		Apricot Cake	Fruit	Sauce	or Prune Whip	Nut Cookies

Crime Colleges to Educate the Police

(Continued from Page 17)

city is also a tremendous public outcry questions in the House of Commons and a long inquiry in the Home Office. There are to respond therefore that the police and have such instruction in Scotland Yard at the end of a course, however pointed in a golden face upon with into a big circular pit, but that strong light and the weirdly wanted man. He felt sure in his own mind that somewhere at Scotland Yard was a photograph —taken after his conviction, by the prison authorities—of a man who corresponded to one of those five suspects. But photographic records are not of course like those of finger-prints. With the ten of thousands which are in the Yard files, it is impossible to place one's finger on a particular photograph with the exactitude of fingerprints.

He had a shrewd idea which one of the five it was that he wanted, and his inquiries took him after some time to a relative of the suspect. At the house of this woman he manages to secure a photograph, for they about eight years ago. It was taken away with him and in his own room at Scotland Yard he studied the test of draftsmanship given as an example of the Police College student's work. The eyes in the two photographs corresponded one of them taken at eight years ago (see the other more than twenty years later). With this as a start he narrowed down the field of inquiry and as the result of a letter passed to Police police he went over to Brittany in France and there arrested the wanted man as he was about to board a liner for South America.

The work of praci s Instruction at the College, in all matters that pertain to the role of Station Inspector includes also a replica of a cluttered room in a police station. Every detail is copied in one of the classrooms. Students in turns take command of the charge room. "Arrested persons" are brought in to them and an account given by the "constable making the arrest of the charge. They then carry out the entire procedure of formulating the charge writing it into the charge sheet, searching the "prisoner" and even lodging him in the cells in the exact manner in which it is done in actual practice.

Another classroom is equipped as a police station telephone room, and in one corner is a police telephone box of the type found in London streets. The object of the class in telephoning work is to impress on the constable police officer the necessity for being clear and concise in giving messages or instructions over the phone.

And linked with this class is that on wireless telephony and telegraphy and experience with the radio patrol cars.

The police academies in Germany and France cover much the same ground as the Police College near London, but details of instruction differ in some respects. Sooner or later it is believed that the police of the United States will have to be trained if they hope to successfully deal with the crime situation there.

Fresh?

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

GIVE CHRISTMAS CANDY IN THE NEW Johnston's "OPEN DISPLAY" BOXES—YOU KNOW IT'S FRESH AND DELICIOUS

IMAGINE Christmas without candy! . . . Fresh candy! . . . Fine candy! . . . When you buy, be sure to buy the best —now's one time when substitutes simply won't do. Pick up an "Open Display" box of Johnston's for mother, a different one for Dorothy and another for the children. Yes, sir. Three boxes of Johnston's candy will be about your minimum! Better do it now, and get *that* off your mind. This is one way to make a fine head-start toward your happy New Year. . . . Johnston's Chocolates, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—in Johnston's open-display boxes (FRESHNESS SEALED IN)

BUY WHAT YOU SEE—at the store that has *Red Arrows* in its windows and on its doors.

Chocolates Finesse, $1. 50c to $2
A luscious assortment of nougats, caramels, creams and nuts bathed in milk chocolate.

About-The-Town, $1. 60c to $3
Small party chocolates. A treat for every taste — matchless variety in dollar candy.

Choice Box, $1.50 80c to $7.50
Every pound has 22 kinds of chocolates and other confections. Every piece is perfection.

Johnston's

CANDIES AND CHOCOLATE

LOOK FOR THE STORE WITH THE RED ARROW

FOR CHILDREN'S
HEAD COLDS
PINEOLEUM IS SOOTHING

1. Pineoleum's pine oils are always soothing — never irritating. Safe for children.
2. Pine oil and other medicinal ingredients make Pineoleum pleasant — no, depressing effect.
3. Pineoleum comes also with Ephedrine — which helps to open the nasal passages quicker.
4. Pineoleum has always enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession.
5. Pineoleum is the original nose and throat spray. It has proved effective for more than 30 years.

Use the form you prefer: a) Pineoleum in Nebulizer spray or dropper bottle; b) Pineoleum with Ephedrine in dropper bottle; c) Pineoleum Ephedrine Jelly

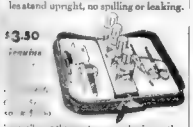
PINEOLEUM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Give
LA CROSS
NAIL POLISH SETS

$1

Handsome two-tone molded case. Bottles stand upright, no spilling or leaking.

$3.50
(genuine



...the country cousin glowing enthusiasm from girls who have at last all got polish."

...ne unsatisfied return bottle to us plus postage.

...ral Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet ...ural tone (3 manicures), and ...tertainment and a 3c stamp to

La Cross Nevamil
CREME NAIL POLISH
• IT WON'T COME OFF •
...DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Christmas Crafts From Cans and Clothespins

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

CHRISTMAS—less than ten days away! Shopping lists still incomplete, last minute gifts yet to be selected, and the important topic of decoration for the house, the table, and holiday festivities, scarcely considered!

Must the housewife and hostess spend these few remaining days in one mad rush from counter to counter? Or is there a way to satisfy the gift problem with some touch of handiwork done in the quiet of the home and shared by the old and young interest of the children?

Christmastide is the high season of all the year for crafts and handiwork of all types: knitting, crocheting, work with paints and brushes, sealingwax and stencil, tissue and paper novelties, even sugar and spice and everything nice from the kitchen, too, all yield their help to create holiday reminders and tokens of the Holiday spirit for every occasion.

Clothespins and the tin can, however, are the latest items to move from their usual humble place in the laundry and on the pantry shelf up into a central position of Christmas crafts. Not until one has seen or worked with the colorful and decorative possibilities of this new craft, may its value be realized.

Nor would one, looking at the shining cylinder of the familiar tin can, see in it a fairyland of fascinating flower forms, graceful foliage, and a means and new source material to achieve smart objects of modernistic art. Both crafts have the advantage of being negligible in cost and to assume that the proverbial child can do it.

Clothespin craft makes use of any type of pins—ball ended, flat-ended, or what you will. In general the pins are pinned vertically together into bunches, supported by a wire, so that thus pinned together in a row they give the appearance of neat and tiny palings in a miniature wooden fence.

This basic "fence" or slatted woodwork idea is capable of many, many developments. If the clothespin fence is extended in a long rectangle, it at once becomes a shallow window box. Or if the proportions of the fence are cut down to a square or oval oblong, it becomes the best encasement for a pot, potted plant, etc.

White paint is perhaps the loveliest finish for such fence baskets, especially when they are made to enclose a green plant, holly, fir or other Christmas green. Nothing could be more fun and charming than such a clothespin basket, painted white, and boasting a spray of green fir with a few silvered cones, a scarlet paper or fabric poinsettia, or Christmas cherry plant. Or make the basket bright with a finish of silver radiator paint, quickdrying and lasting.

The handles are made of several interlocking clothespins, or pin extended with wire covered strips of tissue paper rolled tight, crosswise. Baskets may also be made in round or tab shape by bending the basic wire which joins the pins together. One such round basket, painted silver, was filled with natural pine cones and holly sprays.

Another type of basket which the clothespin craft easily constructs—the flat, one-dimensional basket designed as a window ornament of the hanging type. In a most delightful model of this type, only seven knob-headed clothespins are used, set upside down ranging to the bottom of a circular loop of paper-covered wire as the handle. The pins in this case are painted a glossy black, and the handle also, while the spray of flowers used is developed in several shades of orange and yellow.

Another May Basket of this general fan construction may be painted silver, and filled with flowers of delicate pastel tones, making it a pretty gift for any young girl to hang in her bedroom. These baskets are really flat plaques, made to lie flat against the wall, or hang in the upper section of the window.

Still another model was made of five flat pins to form the basket proper, while six additional flat pins joined crosswise made the handle. Filled with a pine spray and cones made from tinsel wire, the effect was especially festive.

But who first thought of taking the usual tin can and cutting it with a stout pair of scissors—unaided for short lengths, or the shears which garnish for decorating what to an art, made from the humble can?

A smooth can may be the one-pound coffee can, or similar cylinder shapes, are the most useful for this work. The seam of the can is used in many instances as the backbone of the flower, leaf, or other motif to be constructed. The seam or backbone segment of the can is cut with this seam makes a clear dish, saucer etc. We become the cookie tray, the cake dish, or other novelty.

The way to cut the tin can is with a good sharp heavy pair of shears. Much of the effect gained is with the tin bent, or cut into very thin strips which thus give the fan effects so obtainable with this craft.

For example, by cutting a tall can open and down and leaving an inch rim at the base and still retaining the seam entire with its soldering metal one has a fine flower bowl and a most delightful above which can be piled into the spray. Then a coat of enamel, transparent paper, this effect is very beautiful and fairylike, and especially suitable for all holiday decorations.

One of the easiest to make of such suggestions is the holiday wreath for the door, wall or window. By a judicious cutting of the petals effects of the tin can with green and red paper tissue to make the holly leaves and berries. A simple model of this is the kind which may be made with a wire ring covered with green fir and silver veins to the leaves.

A popular gift combines the use of the tin can and clothespin with a mirror gift to a reflecting shrine for any small image, such as the Virgin, the Infant Christ, or other holiday figure. It may be used also with small candles set into sockets such as are used to hold the tiny candles on the Christmas tree.

Speaking of candles here, to avoid the tree without which no Christmas can be genuine, the tin can can be made into a candle holder. Cut and file the edges of the can to a neat and finished shape, and then, if you are careful and wise with a hammer and nail, punch small holes around the edge of the can, and through these holes run a piece of wire, with this piece of wire you can suspend your candle from the can, and then fasten the can to the tree.

Some of these may be gift packages, and others may be decorations. One tree was so painted entirely with snow made from the material in the package to make candles. The effect of the tree and white was very pleasing. Or so many may be painted with bright colors, such as red, green, gold, etc., with this process. Then, when dry, the cans may be filled with fruit, candies, nuts, or flowers, or small toys, and used as favors for the Christmas table.

Bright ribbons may be used to make bags of the cans, and many may be made of the same size, and from the tin can, and with the baskets, can be used as favors for the Christmas table.

The tin can when cut right, and handled also provides genuinely useful modern flowers of unusual design. Here several cans are necessary to obtain

GOLDEN WEDDING RYE

ALSO AVAILABLE IN BOURBON

4 Years Old Average Age! A delicious blend of straight whiskies, and "it's ALL whiskey".

America's first "OLD TIME CHRISTMAS" SINCE REPEAL—*celebrate with the House of* Schenley

LAST CHRISTMAS it was a free-for-all. America was too happy to wonder about uncertain brands. And bootleggers still reaped a harvest. But time has called a show-down and America's sense of good taste has focused attention upon the products of the House of Schenley and upon the full meaning of the Mark of Merit behind each product. And so this Christmas Schenley restores the old time cheer—with the *old time confidence*. And the House of Schenley makes just one timely suggestion—for our sake and for yours—and that is, the wisdom of moderation.

... AND FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE PREPARE YOUR SCHENLEY LIST OF GIFTS NOW

For a Real Luxury Gift—Chartreuse, Bardinet Liqueurs, Cherry Heering (Cherry Liqueur), Drioli Maraschino, Paluguay Tokay, Geo. Roe Irish Whiskey, Henkes Geneva Gin, Charles Heidsieck Vintage Champagne, Power Drury's Madeira.

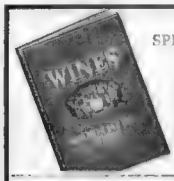
THIS IS THE MARK OF MERIT... A GLEAMING GOLD STAR ON A CRIMSON RIBBON... LOOK FOR IT ON THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE.

CREAM OF KENTUCKY

100 proof straight whiskey, made in Kentucky, where they know fine whiskey. At a popular price.

SILVER WEDDING GIN

Distilled from 10 savory ingredients. After a famous English formula—at a fair American price.



SPECIAL OFFER—A LUXURIOUS VOLUME ON WINES, only 25¢!

1000 and 1 answers to questions about wines. Buying them, serving them, etiquette, recipes, menus, ALL the answers, by world authorities. Illustrated in full color. Send coupon today with 25¢ in stamps or coin.

SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, Room 574
18 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing twenty-five cents (25c) to cover the cost of my copy of the Schenley Wine Book. Please mail it to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE VAN SWAGGERS BY RUSS WESTOVER

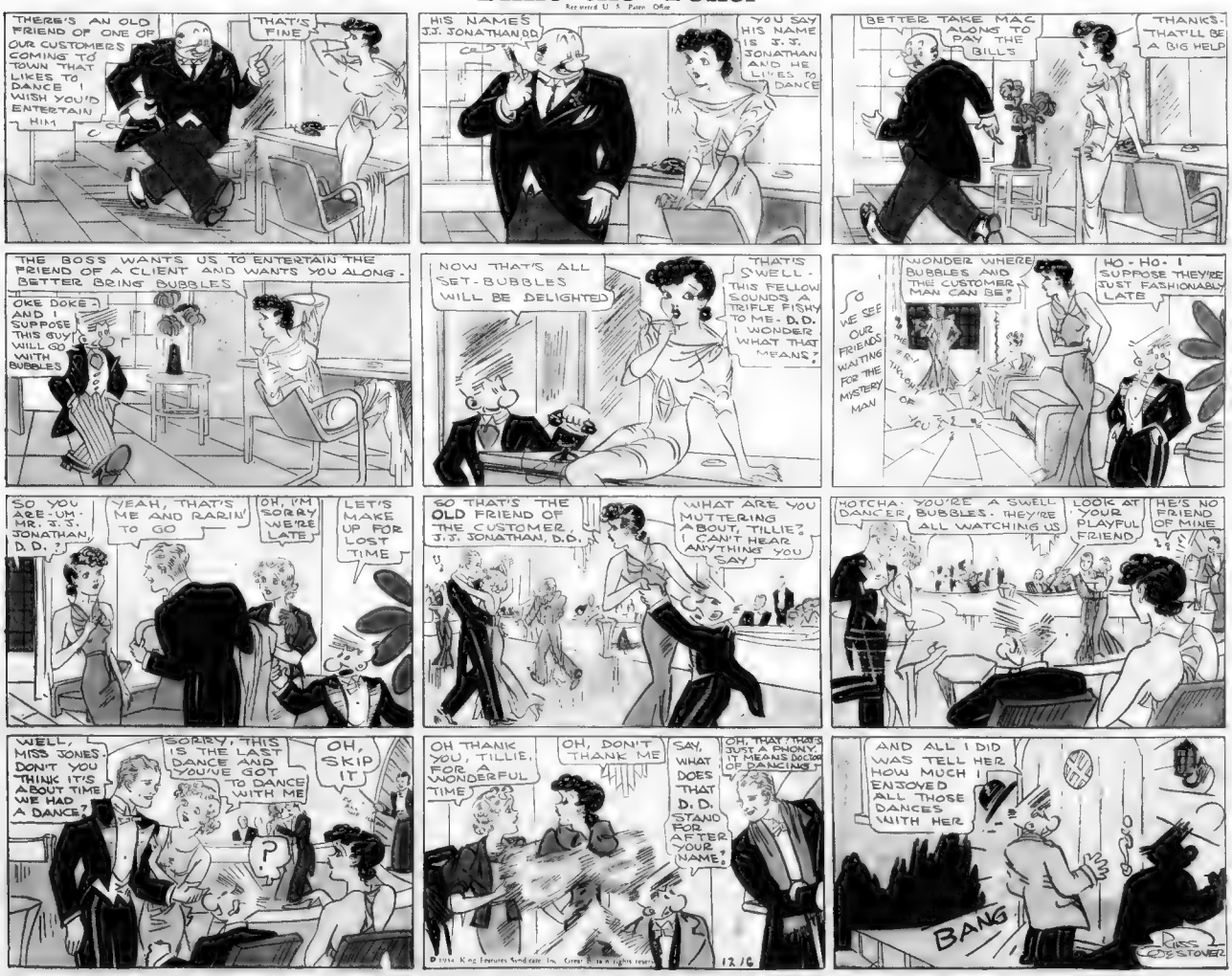
Registered U. S. Patent Office

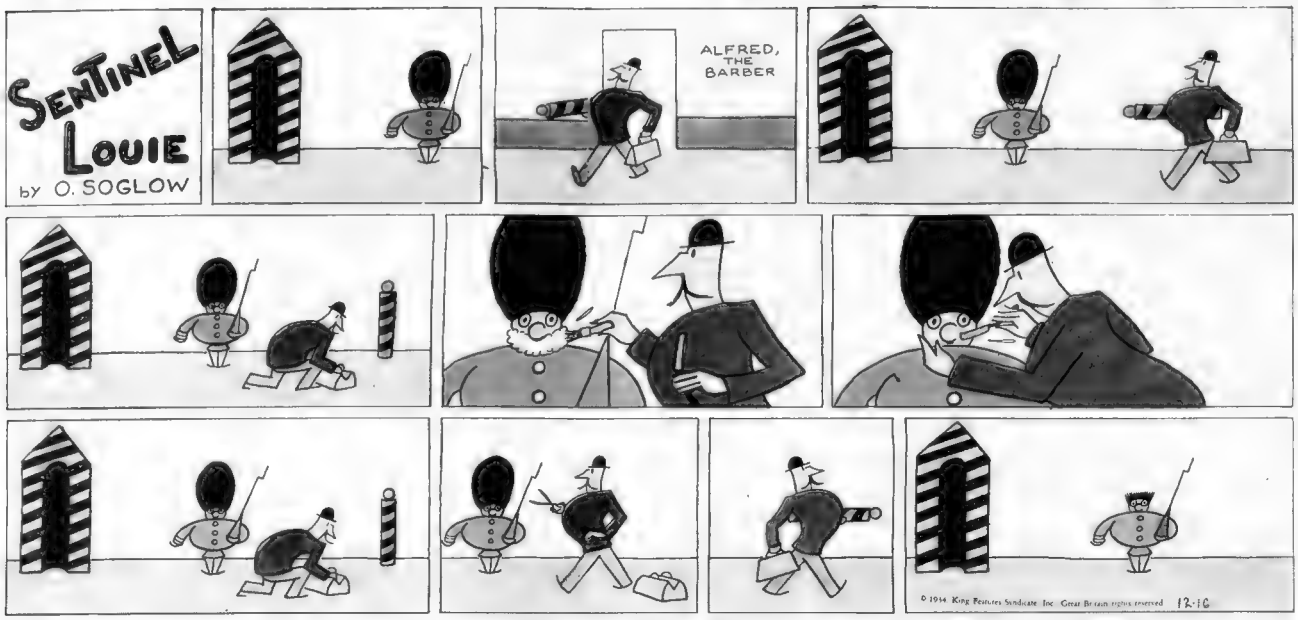
VAN, I WISH YOU'D SPEAK TO JUNIOR - HE'S BEEN FIGHTING WITH THAT HORRID JONES BOY!
BUT, DADDY, I WAS FIGHTING FOR YOU
HUMM - YOU RUN ALONG CLARA AND LET US MEN FOLKS SETTLE THIS
NOW, JUNIOR - YOU SHOULDN'T FIGHT
BUT, DADDY, YOU'D BE MAD TOO 'CAUSE BOBBY JONES SAID HIS DADDY CALLED YOU A FAT-HEAD
AW, YOU SHOULD JUST LAUGH IT OFF
AN' DAT AIN'T ALL - HE' SED YOU WAZ A SAP
YOU SHOULDN'T USE THAT ARM TO HIT LITTLE BOYS.
AN' NEN BOBBY JONES SED HIS DADDY CUD LICK YOU AN' NEN I HITTUM
C'MON, JUNIOR - I'LL SHOW THAT GUY JONES
"OO" MUSTN'T GET MAD, DADDY
LATER
WELL, I SETTLED THAT ARGUMENT
YES, I SEE
OH, MOMMA - YA OUGHTA SEE MISTER JONES
12-16
BISS COESTOVER

TILLIE THE TOILER FASHION PARADE BY RUSS WESTOVER

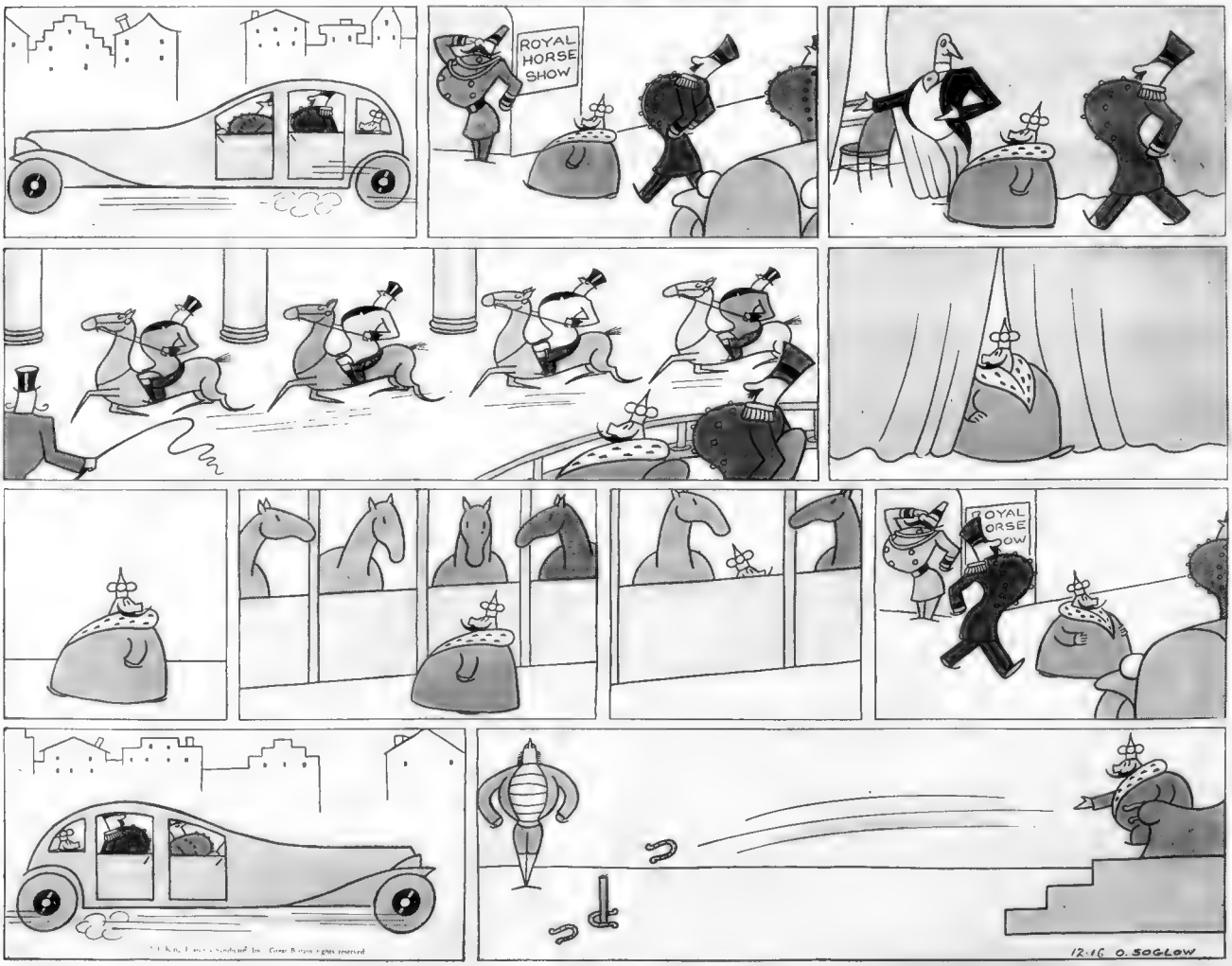
Tillie the Toiler

Registered U. S. Patent Office


THERE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF ONE OF OUR CUSTOMERS COMING TO TOWN THAT LIKES TO DANCE! WISH YOU'D ENTERTAIN HIM
THAT'S FINE
HIS NAME'S J.J. JONATHAN, D.D.
YOU SAY HIS NAME IS J.J. JONATHAN AND HE LIKES TO DANCE
BETTER TAKE MAC ALONG TO PAY THE BILLS
THANKS - THAT'LL BE A BIG HELP
THE BOSS WANTS US TO ENTERTAIN THE FRIEND OF A CLIENT AND WANTS YOU ALONG - BETTER BRING BUBBLES
OKE DOKE - AND I SUPPOSE THIS GUY WILL GO WITH BUBBLES
NOW THAT'S ALL SET - BUBBLES WILL BE DELIGHTED
THAT IS SWELL - THIS FELLOW SOUNDS A TRIFLE FISHY TO ME - D.D. I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
SO WE SEE OUR FRIENDS WAITING FOR THE MYSTERY MAN
WONDER WHERE BUBBLES AND THE CUSTOMER MAN CAN BE?
HO - HO - I SUPPOSE THEY'RE JUST FASHIONABLY LATE
SO YOU ARE - UM - MR. J.J. JONATHAN, D.D.?
YEAH, THAT'S ME AND RARIN' TO GO
OH, I'M SORRY WE'RE LATE
LET'S MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME
SO THAT'S THE OLD FRIEND OF THE CUSTOMER, J.J. JONATHAN, D.D.
WHAT ARE YOU MUTTERING ABOUT, TILLIE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING YOU SAY
HOTCHA - YOU'RE A SWELL DANCER, BUBBLES - THEY'RE ALL WATCHING US
LOOK AT YOUR PLAYFUL FRIEND
HE'S NO FRIEND OF MINE
WELL, MISS JONES - DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A DANCE?
SORRY, THIS IS THE LAST DANCE AND YOU'VE GOT TO DANCE WITH ME
OH, SKIP IT
OH THANK YOU, TILLIE, FOR A WONDERFUL TIME
OH, DON'T THANK ME
SAY, WHAT DOES THAT D.D. STAND FOR AFTER YOUR NAME?
OH, THAT? THAT'S JUST A PHONY - IT MEANS DOCTOR OF DANCING!
AND ALL I DID WAS TELL HER HOW MUCH I ENJOYED ALL THOSE DANCES WITH HER
BANG
BISS COESTOVER
© 1934 King Features Syndicate Inc. Great B. in & rights reserv.
12/16



The Little King

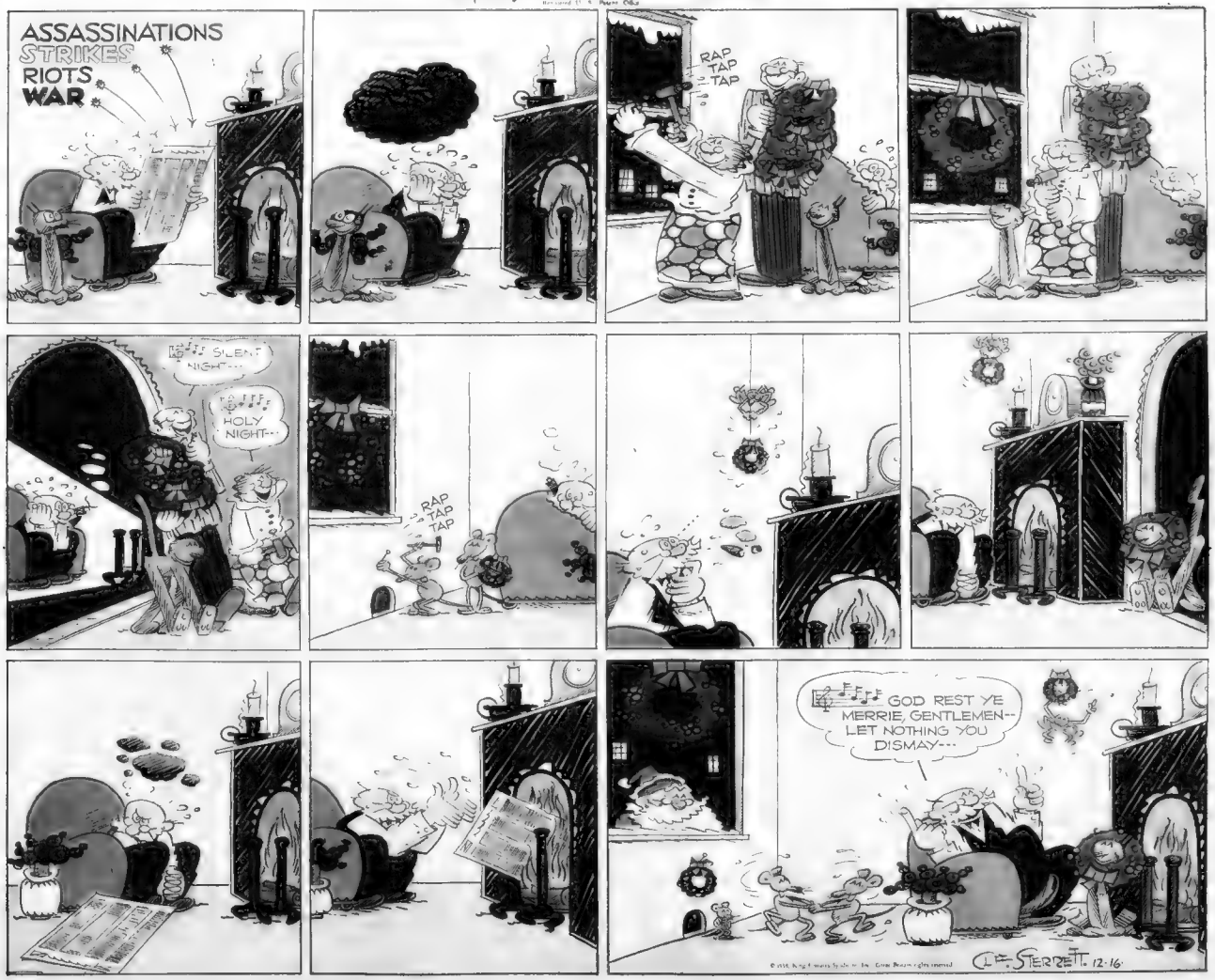


BELLES AND WEDDING-BELLS

BY CLIFF STERRETT

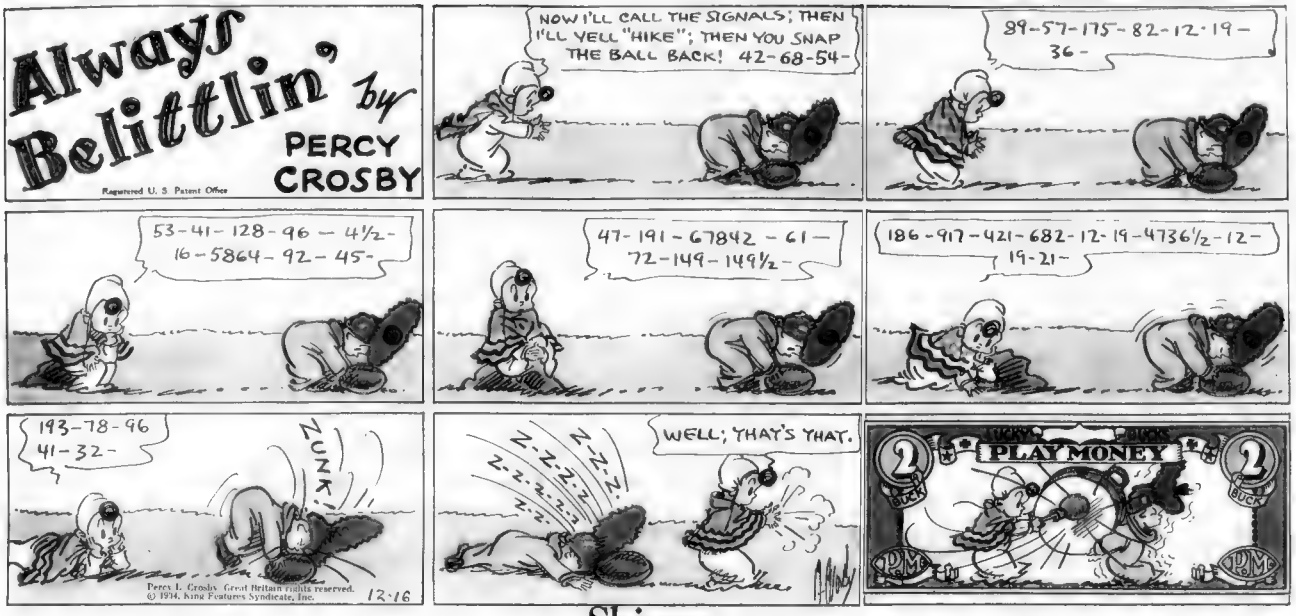
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE KNITTING, ANGE--?
A SECRET, SWEETHEART.
MY GOSH, GEORGE! WHAT IS IT?
A SWEATER MY SWEETHEART MADE ME FOR CHRISTMAS.
Buy Christmas Seals
SEASON'S GREETINGS 1934
Help Fight Tuberculosis
and then they were married
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE STARTING, SWEET?
YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT PET.
EEK? OUCH! WOT TH--?
GR R R R-- ARF! ARF!
GOOD HEAVENS, HONEY YOU NEARLY BIT MY THUMB OFF!
OH! FORGIVE ME, DARLING. I DREAMED I WAS "THE BIG BAD WOLF!"
I'M WORR ED TO DEATH ABOUT YOUR PRESENT PET-- I WON'T BE ABLE TO KNIT FOR WEEKS!
FORGET IT, ANGEL. I DON'T DESERVE ANY!
12-16

Polly and Her Pals



Always Belittlin' by PERCY CROSBY

Registered U. S. Patent Office


NOW I'LL CALL THE SIGNALS; THEN I'LL YELL "HIKE"; THEN YOU SNAP THE BALL BACK! 42-68-54-
89-57-175-82-12-19-36-
53-41-128-96-4½-16-5864-92-45-
47-191-67842-61-72-149-149½-
186-917-421-682-12-19-4736½-12-19-21-
193-78-96 41-32-
NUNK!
Z-Z-Z-

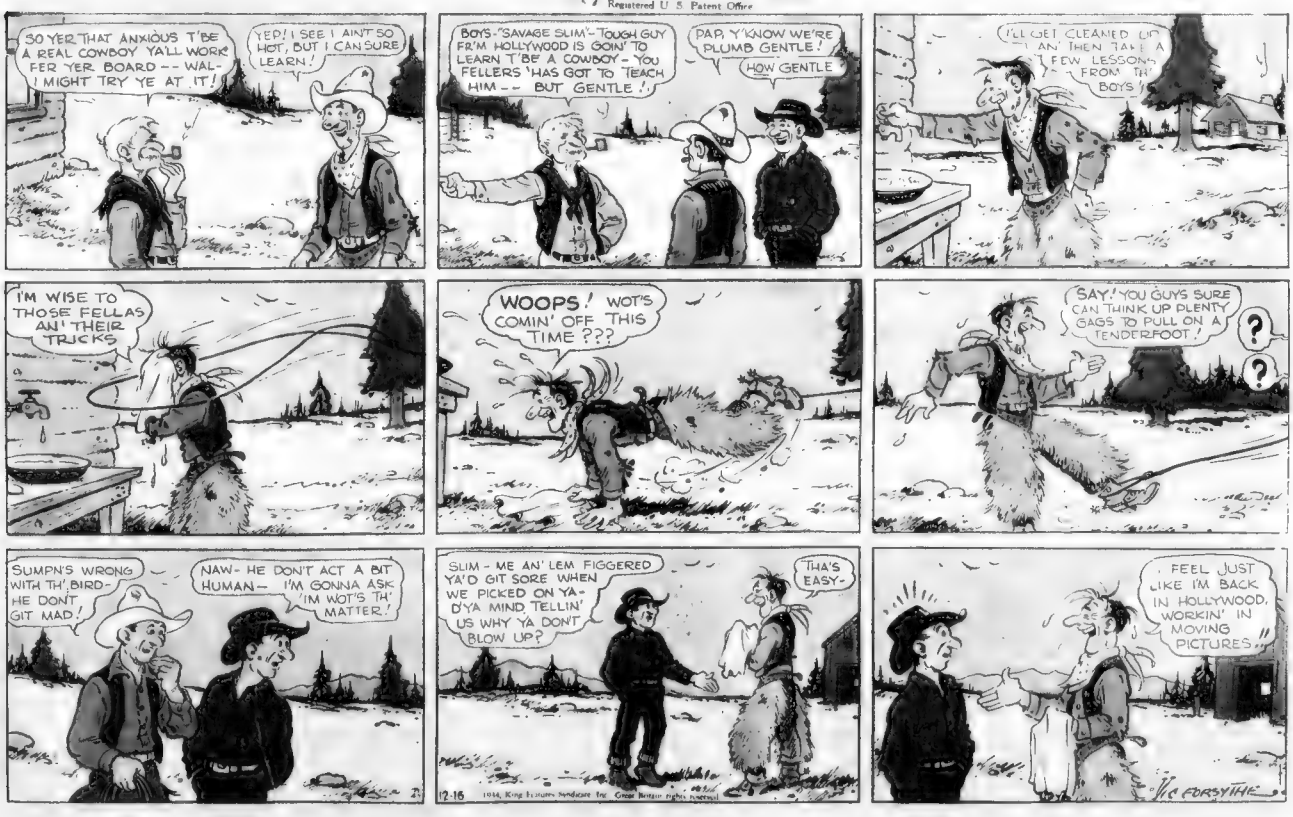
Mickey Mouse

Registered U. S. Patent Office

DOGGONE IT, HORACE! WE'LL HAVE A HECK OF A TIME GETTIN' UP THERE WITHOUT A COMPASS!
DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT, M' BOY! I'M A REG'LAR HOMIN' PIGEON!
YEAH, BUT WE'RE NOT GOIN' HOME!
IT'S GETTIN' PURTY STEEP! WE GOTTA BE ROPED TOGETHER, SO'S IF ONE SLIPS WE KIN HOLD HIM!
OR MAYBE TH' ONE THAT FALLS PULLS TH' REST DOWN!
WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'— YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHOKE ME!
WELL, I S'POSE IF WE KEEP GOIN' UP WE'LL GET THERE!
GOODNESS! I HOPE HORACE KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOIN'!
HEAVENLY DAY! DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE LEADING US?
ANY TIME I DON'T, I C'N ALWAYS ASK YOU!
WOWW!!
HELP! HELP!
GOO' NIGHT! WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT TH'?
EEEEEEEK!
GOSH!
HEY, HORACE! TIE THE END O' YOUR ROPE AROUND THAT ROCK AND CUT Y'SELF LOOSE— THAT'LL HOLD 'EM!
DON'T WORRY— WE'LL SAVE YA! JUST KEEP COOL!
DOGGONE! WE GOTTA FIGGER OUT SOME WAY TO SAVE 'EM!
YEAH! IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO LEAVE 'EM THERE!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DO SOMETHING! WE'RE FREEZING!
I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD I DON'T!
OF ALL THE HALF-WITTED NINNIES— SITTIN' DOWN TO REST WHILE WE TURN INTO ICICLES— GET US OUT OF HERE THIS INSTANT!
WALT DISNEY 12-16

Way Out West

Registered U. S. Patent Office


SO YER THAT ANXIOUS T'BE A REAL COWBOY YA'LL WORK FER YER BOARD -- WAL- I MIGHT TRY YE AT IT!
YEP! I SEE I AIN'T SO HOT, BUT I CAN SURE LEARN!
BOYS- "SAVAGE SLIM"- TOUGH GUY FR'M HOLLYWOOD IS GOIN' TO LEARN T'BE A COWBOY- YOU FELLERS 'HAS GOT TO TEACH HIM -- BUT GENTLE!
PAP, Y'KNOW WE'RE PLUMB GENTLE!
HOW GENTLE
I'LL GET CLEANED UP AN' THEN TAKE A FEW LESSONS FROM TH' BOYS!
I'M WISE TO THOSE FELLAS AN' THEIR TRICKS
WOOPS! WOT'S COMIN' OFF THIS TIME???
SAY! YOU GUYS SURE CAN THINK UP PLENTY GAGS TO PULL ON A TENDERFOOT!
SUMPN'S WRONG WITH TH' BIRD- HE DON'T GIT MAD!
NAW- HE DON'T ACT A BIT HUMAN— I'M GONNA ASK 'IM WOT'S TH' MATTER!
SLIM- ME AN' LEM FIGGERED YA'D GIT SORE WHEN WE PICKED ON YA- D'YA MIND TELLIN' US WHY YA DON'T BLOW UP?
THA'S EASY-
I FEEL JUST LIKE I'M BACK IN HOLLYWOOD, WORKIN' IN MOVING PICTURES!!
12-16
1934, King Features Syndicate Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
J. C. FORSYTHE

FABLETTES
BY BRANDON WALSH
Dear Santa- I am a good boy and please bring me a sled from Macy's and a pair of skates from Gimbels and a pair of boots from Abercrombie & Fitch and a pair of snowshoes from Hudson's and a Meccano set from Wanamaker's and a Lionel train from Bloomingdale's and a Flexible Flyer from Schwartz's and a Shetland pony from Central Park and a Kodak from Fifth Avenue and a Victrola from Sterns and a Steinway piano from Aeolian Hall and a Packard car from Fifth Avenue and a Rolls Royce from Rolls Royce and a Yacht from Consolidated and a Zeppelin from Lakehurst and a Boeing plane from Boeing and a Ford from Ford and a Chevrolet from Chevrolet and a Stutz Bearcat from Stutz and a Hispano Suiza from Hispano Suiza

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND SINK - STARRING

BUNKY

by BILLY DE BECK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

CHEE, BUNKY, YOUSE DON'T UNNERSTAND - WEN DAT HORRIBLE FEELIN' OF BEIN' A DOG COMES OVER ME--I-I

YIP-YIP! GRRRRR! BOW-WOW WOW--

OH, DEAR OH, DEAR-- WHAT SHALL I DO-?-- IF I ONLY HAD SOME DOG-BISCUITS TO QUIET HIS NERVES--

GRRR!

TRY TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, FAGIN--

GRRR! YIP! YIP!

GRRR! GRRR!

FAGIN!!

WOOF WOOF

YEAHFAGIN YEAHFAGIN

I'LL GIT EVEN WIT' DAT POODLE--SEE IF I DON'T- EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY-AN' MY DAY IS COMIN' ---

KNEE-HI-KNOODLES

CHEE--I HOPE THESE WON'T BE SOUND PITCHERS-- MY TUMMY'S RUMBLIN' SUMP'N AWFUL

DEC 16

Barney Google

AW, COME ON-- WIDDER SNOW'S GETTIN ON MY NERVES-- BOY!' I NEVER SAW A DAME SO DUMB-- SHE THINKS A GIN PICKEY IS SUMP'N A RIDE IN WHEN YOU'RE IN CHINA

IF SHE HAD ANY BRAINS SHE'D KNOW WE WUZN'T A COUPLA HILL-BILLIES WHY SHOULD WE WASTE OUR TIME ON HER SULLY, WHEN WE GOT A SWELL SHACK OF OUR OWN-AN' A SWELL COOK? YA GOTTA ADMIT--SULLY, LUCY-BELLE KNOWS HER POTS AN' PANS--

I GOT A HUNCH SHE'S GONNA HAVE FRIED CHICKEN FOR LUNCH AN' HOT CORN-BREAD MMM-MMM. YOUR FAVORITE DISH-- EH, SULLY--?? LET'S HURRY !! SEE WHO GETS HOME FIRST.

HURRY, SULLY, OR I'LL EAT UP ALL THE FRIED CHICKEN--

HA-- I DON'T SEE HIM-- HE MUST HAVE TAKEN TH' SHORT CUT DOWN TH' MOUNTAIN- GUESS IT WAS THE FRIED CHICKEN- THAT GOT HIS STEAM UP---

BE STILL, MY HEART

HOT DOG !! SHOOK HIM AT LAST-- I HOPE TH' WIDDER SNOW DON'T GET TIRED WAITING FOR ME--AN' GOES OUT-- OH, BABY--- WHEN SHE LOOKS AT ME WITH THOSE EYES---

OH, OH, WHAT'S THAT ???

I SWEAR I SAW A RACOON DODGE BEHIND THAT TREE- EASY- BOY--HERE'S A CHANCE TO BRING TH' WIDDER HOME A FUR-PIECE--

BANG

ZIP

OW-OW-- JUS' MY LUCK TO RUN ACROSS A GANG OF MOONSHINERS-- THEY ALMOST GOT ME---

© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

SWEET LITTLE POSIES--- PICKIN' 'EM ALMOST COST ME MY LIFE-- I HOPE WIDDER SNOW'LL SHOW ME A LITTLE GRATITUDE--

DE BECK

I SHORE DID HEV MAH HEART SOT ON FOTCHIN' YE A PRASANT, MIZ SNOW, AN' YORE PLUMB WELCOME TO IT-

DEC-16-

The FAMILY FOURSOME

Chic Young

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY DON'T I GET ANY DINNER? I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

YOU'RE A BRUTE AND YOU DON'T DESERVE ANY DINNER! DO YOU REMEMBER THE LOVE LETTERS YOU WROTE ME BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED?

SURE ---- THAT WAS 25 YEARS AGO, BUT I REMEMBER IT AS THO IT WERE YESTERDAY

YOU WROTE ME THAT MY EYES WERE TWO FLAMING FIRES OF LOVE WHOSE SPARKS BURNED INTO YOUR VERY SOUL!

AND I MEANT IT, TOO!

YOU SAID MY STATUESQUE BEAUTY SHAMED EVEN THE PERFECTION OF A GRECIAN GODDESS!

I STILL THINK SO!

YOU SAID I HAD THE WITCHERY OF HELEN OF TROY, THE CHARM OF CLEOPATRA AND THE GRACE OF DUBARRY!

AND YOU'RE SORE ABOUT THAT?

12-16

WELL, I WAS CLEANING THE ATTIC TODAY AND I FOUND THE BOOK, "HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS" THAT YOU COPIED IT FROM!

SIDE SHOW

"IT'S OKAY, WE'RE NOT LOST.... THERE'S THE ATLANTA AIRPORT BEACON"

Blondie

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GEORGE? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PULLED THRU A KNOT-HOLE!

I'M IN THE DOG-HOUSE! MY WIFE IS SORE AT ME FOR GETTING IN AT TWO O'CLOCK THIS MORNING AND I'M AFRAID TO GO BACK!

HOW ABOUT BANDAGING YOU UP AND TELLING YOUR WIFE YOU WERE IN AN ACCIDENT? APPEAL TO HER SYMPATHETIC SIDE!

IF SHE THOUGHT I WAS HURT BADLY, SHE'D SEND FOR A DOCTOR..THEN WHERE WOULD I BE?

EMMA'S PRETTY CAGY!! SHE CAN SEE AROUND CORNERS!

DAGWOOD! JUST THE MAN WE WANT! GEORGES WIFE DOESN'T KNOW YOU....YOU'LL BE THE DOCTOR!

YOU WAIT HERE IN THE DRUG-STORE UNTIL WE 'PHONE FOR YOU...NOW BE SURE AND ACT LIKE A REAL DOCTOR, VERY PROFESSIONAL!

DON'T SLIP UP EITHER... REMEMBER, EMMA IS SHARP!

BRACE UP, DAGWOOD! WE HUSBANDS HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER.... I'LL LOAN YOU A DOCTOR'S BAG TO CARRY!

GOLLY, HERMAN HOW DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS?

WHAT ELSE DOES A DOCTOR SAY BESIDES "LET ME SEE YOUR TONSILS"?

OKAY... THEY GOT IN ALL RIGHT AND EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT FINE.... THEY WANT YOU TO COME OVER NOW!

I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND HAS A SPEEDY RECOVERY

OH, GIRLS, I'M SO SORRY MY BRIDGE PARTY WAS INTERRUPTED LIKE THIS BUT MY POOR DEAR GEORGE IS FRIGHTFULLY HURT!

I THOUGHT I'D BETTER STAY EMMA AND DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP YOU IN YOUR HOUR OF NEED!

OH, THANK YOU, DEAR, ...PUT ON THE KETTLE FOR HOT WATER. THE DOCTOR WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

THIS WAY, DOCTOR!

?

YOUR HUSBAND WILL LIVE, BUT HE MUST HAVE QUIET AND BE TREATED WITH KINDNESS.... BE GENTLE WITH HIM AND FEED HIM WELL!

OH, MY DEAR, SWEET GEORGE!

SLAM BANG

QUICK, HERMAN, SEND OVER A REAL DOCTOR! AT ONCE!

12-16

CHIC YOUNG

© 1934 King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

TOONERVILLE FOLKS

Registered U. S. Patent Office

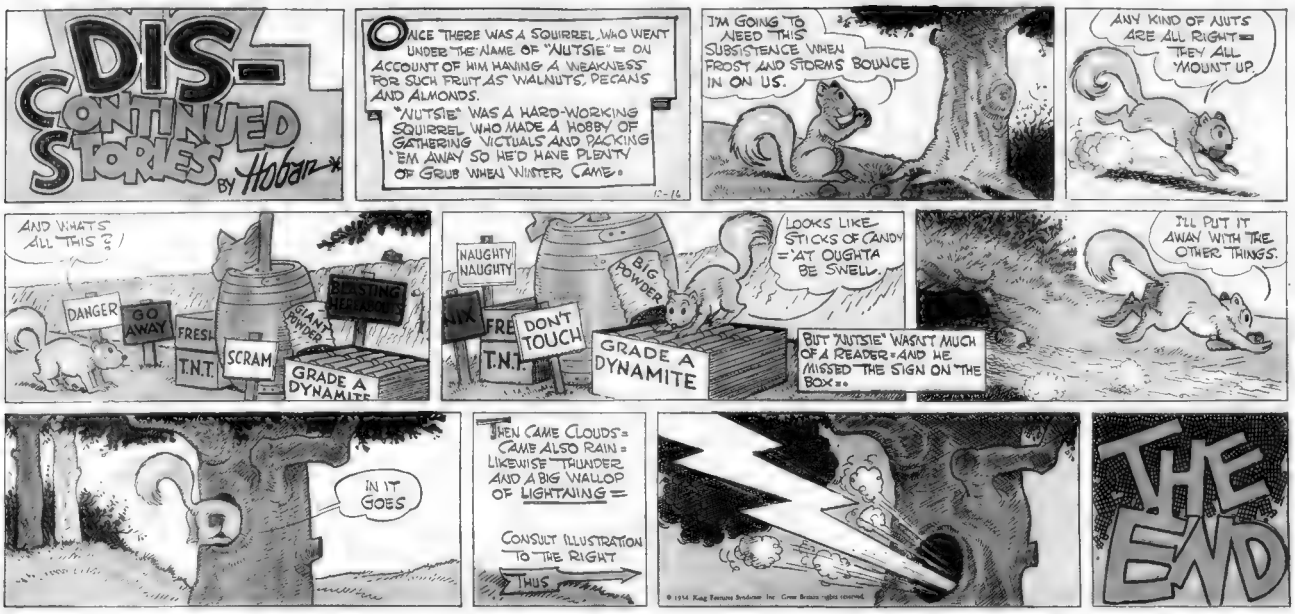
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1934

"GRANDPAW! THE MAN SAYS THEY'RE GONNA PUT A POLE RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!"
"WE DON'T WANT THAT POLE RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE! IT WILL BE JUST AWFUL!"
"I'M GONNA GET DOWN IN THAT HOLE TO KEEP 'EM FROM PUTTING IN THAT POLE WHILE YOU PHONE FOR A LAWYER!"
"DON'T LAY A HAND ON HIM; HE'D HAVE THE LAW ON US!"
"WHEN THIS COLD WATER RUNS DOWN THERE INTO THAT HOLE AND HITS HIS FEET HE'LL BE OUTA THERE ALL RIGHT."
"IT'S WATER, GRANDPAW! FROM THE FIRE PLUG THEY TURNED ON UP THE STREET!"
"IT BEATS ME HOW THAT OLE COOT CAN STAND THAT COLD WATER ON HIS FEET ALL THIS TIME!"
"WELL, IT'S QUITTING TIME NOW; I GUESS WE JUST BEAT IT."
"NICE WORK! GRANPAW!"
12-16

THE NEBBS

Registered U. S. Patent Office

GEE, THAT'S A SWELL BIKE - IF THERE IS ANYTHING I NEED, IT'S A NEW BIKE LIKE THAT
COLLEGE ST
EDENTON
IT'S TERRIBLY EXPENSIVE - GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP EVEN HOPING FOR IT - GOSH, IT ISN'T LONG UNTIL CHRISTMAS!
SAY, MOM, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS?
OH, I DON'T KNOW - I HAVEN'T GIVEN IT A THOUGHT
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S FOOLISH GIVING PEOPLE THINGS THEY DON'T WANT
OH, I'D LIKE AN ERMINE COAT
COULD I SAVE UP ENOUGH BETWEEN NOW AND CHRISTMAS TO GET THAT DO YOU SUPPOSE?
I'M AFRAID NOT, SON, BUT I APPRECIATE YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS - JUST A KISS AND A HUG WILL DO FOR CHRISTMAS
SAY, POP, HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BUY YOU FOR CHRISTMAS? I'D LIKE TO GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT MOST
NO, SON, I HAVEN'T JUST MADE UP MY MIND YET
WHAT A BOY! HE JUST ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS - HE'D LIKE TO GIVE ME WHAT I WANT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE
ISN'T IT SWEET AND THOUGHTFUL OF HIM? HE ASKED ME THE SAME QUESTION
12-16
SAY, YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE KEEN BIKE DOWN IN EDENTON'S WINDOW - I'D SURE LIKE TO OWN IT BUT I GUESS IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION - IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE FOR MY PURSE
OH! OH!
W. A. Carlson

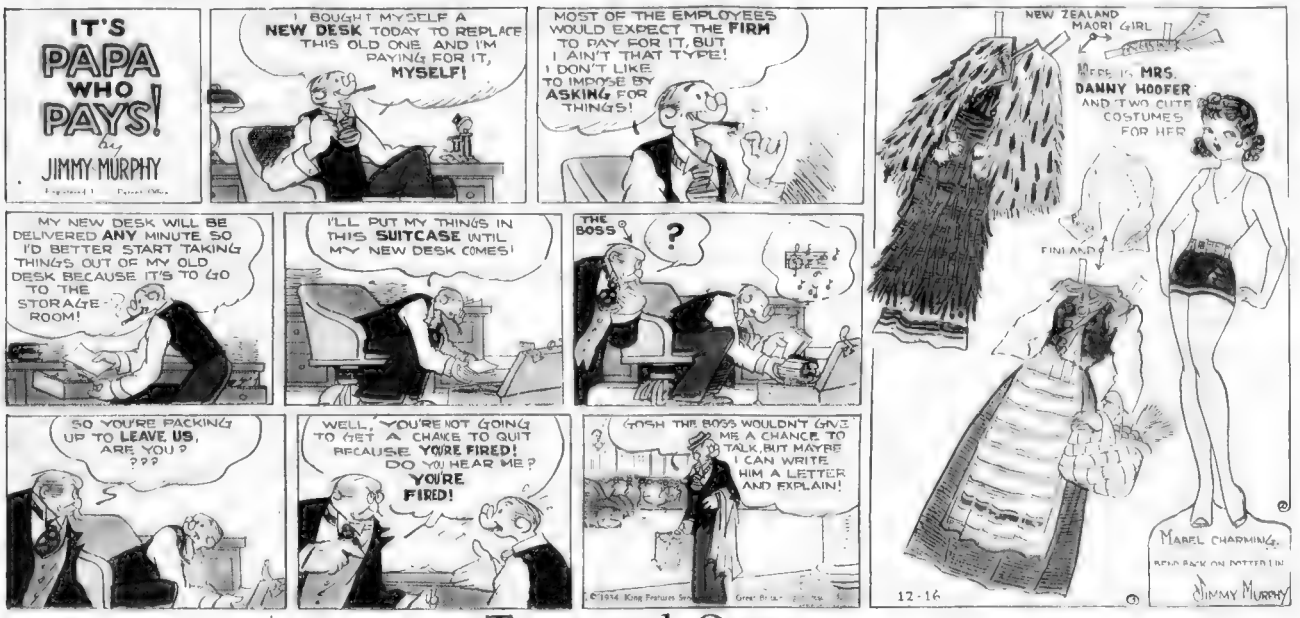


Needlenose Noonan

SCOOT UP TO THE 137TH NATIONAL BANK = A BUNCH OF BANDITS JUST PULLED THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT FOR $36,528.35 !!
I'M ON MY WAY = AND I'LL SNATCH 'EM.
YSR = THIS BLOODHOUND'S GOT A HIGHLY EDUCATED SNOOT = HE GOT THAT WORRIED LOOK WHEN HE WORKED IN THE ORIGINAL COMPANY OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN".
WRAP HIM UP =.
C'MON, FIDO = LET'S GO = START SMELLING UP THE PLACE.
36,528.35 OF MY NICE DOLLARS!
NO CAUSE FOR ALARM = JUST GIVE MY DETECTIVE DOG A SNIFF AT SOME OF YOUR DOUGH AND WE'LL GRAB THE CULPRITS.
BREATHE DEEPLY.
AND AWAY WE GO.
YIP! YIP! YIP!
Y'OUGHTA STICK OUT YOUR PAW WHEN Y'TAKE A TURN LIKE THAT!
GANGWAY FOR OFFICIAL BUSINESS!
OKAY = IF YOU'VE LOCATED THAT DOUGH = DIG IT UP = I'M TIRED.
PUFF
PUFF
? ? ?
NO SALE.
12-16

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!

by JIMMY MURPHY


I BOUGHT MYSELF A NEW DESK TODAY TO REPLACE THIS OLD ONE AND I'M PAYING FOR IT, MYSELF!
MOST OF THE EMPLOYEES WOULD EXPECT THE FIRM TO PAY FOR IT, BUT I AIN'T THAT TYPE! I DON'T LIKE TO IMPOSE BY ASKING FOR THINGS!
NEW ZEALAND MAORI GIRL
MEET'S MRS. DANNY HOOFER AND TWO CUTE COSTUMES FOR HER
FINLAND
MABEL CHARMING
BEAU BACK ON PAYROLL IN
JIMMY MURPHY
12-16
MY NEW DESK WILL BE DELIVERED ANY MINUTE SO I'D BETTER START TAKING THINGS OUT OF MY OLD DESK BECAUSE IT'S TO GO TO THE STORAGE ROOM!
I'LL PUT MY THINGS IN THIS SUITCASE UNTIL MY NEW DESK COMES!
THE BOSS
?
SO YOU'RE PACKING UP TO LEAVE US, ARE YOU? ???
WELL, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET A CHANCE TO QUIT BECAUSE YOU'RE FIRED! DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE FIRED!
GOSH THE BOSS WOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TALK, BUT MAYBE I CAN WRITE HIM A LETTER AND EXPLAIN!
© 1934 King Features Syn.

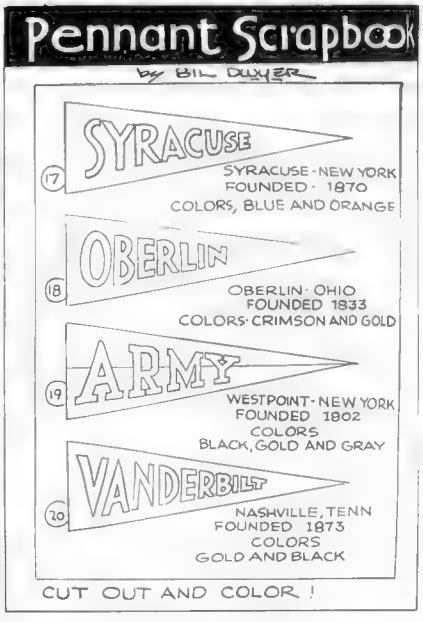
Toots and Casper

SLIM FERGUSON, ELLEN'S FIRST HUSBAND--- THE MAN WHO WAS THOUGHT TO HAVE PERISHED AT SEA YEARS AGO---IS BACK!
NOW
NOW
ELLEN MIGHT KNOW SHE HASN'T SEEN THE LAST OF IT! SHE'S MY WIFE AND SHE'S COMING BACK TO ME RIGHT NOW--- WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER THE DOOR? MAYBE THEY CAN'T HEAR ME ON ACCOUNT OF THAT PIANO GOING INSIDE!
WELL, SIS!!--- THAT'S ELLEN AT THE PIANO--- I GUESS THAT LUG STANDING BESIDE HER IS HER HUSBAND--- GEE, THERE'S A BABY--- I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD A BABY---
GONNA MAKE YOU SAD TOO, ELLEN--- STOP PLAYING NOW AND REST A WHILE!
I'LL SAY MUSIC BECAUSE IT REMINDS ME OF HOW UNHAPPY I USED TO BE, ABNER--
-AND IF I HADN'T BEEN SO UNHAPPY ONCE MAYBE I COULDN'T QUITE APPRECIATE MY HAPPINESS WITH YOU NOW--- OH, ABNER! I LOVE YOU SO---
-AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU HAPPIER AND HAPPIER ALL THE TIME, ELLEN!
YES, I USED TO PLAY THAT SAME SONG FOR MY FIRST HUSBAND, BUT THERE WASN'T MUCH SENTIMENT IN HIM--- POOR SLIM--- HE TREATED ME SHAMEFULLY, BUT MAYBE HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD IF HE COULD HAVE LEFT THE BOTTLE ALONE!
YOU'RE SWEET ELLEN! IT'S NOT IN YOU TO SAY ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH IN EVERYBODY!
I NEVER HAD A MOMENT'S HAPPINESS WITH SLIM--- I USED TO WISH I WAS DEAD, BUT SLIM WAS HIS OWN WORST ENEMY--- SOMETIMES I ACTUALLY FELT SORRY FOR HIM--- HE WAS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSORED!
SLIM JUST WASN'T MEANT FOR ME, BUT I ALWAYS FELT THAT HE HAD A NICE STREAK IN HIM THAT WOULD COME OUT SOMEDAY--- I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT SOMETIME--- SOMEWHERE--- HE'D TURN SQUARE AND DO THE RIGHT THING--- WITH EVERYBODY----
WHO WAS AT THE DOOR, ABNER? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY KNOCKING!
I DIDN'T HEAR ANYONE, CASPER! MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE ELLEN WAS PLAYING THE PIANO!
I GUESS I WAS HEARING THINGS--- NOBODY IS OUT HERE, TOOTS!
THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! THEY NEARLY SAW ME--- I'LL SCRAM BEFORE THEY CATCH ME!
THOSE NICE THINGS ELLEN SAID ABOUT ME KINDA GOT UNDER MY SKIN--- SHE'S A MIGHTY GOOD SCOUT--- SHE OUGHT TO HATE ME, BUT SHE DON'T---
I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MAKING HER COME BACK TO ME--- SHE'S HAPPY WITH THAT GUY ABNER AND I'M GLAD OF IT--- SHE SAID SOMEDAY I'D DO THE RIGHT THING WITH EVERYBODY--- THE RIGHT THING---
WELL, I'M GONNA DO THE RIGHT THING RIGHT NOW--- SHE THINKS I'M DEAD AND FOR HER SAKE I'LL CONTINUE TO LET HER THINK SO--- AND GOD BLESS HER----
12-16
JIMMY MURPHY

PETE'S PUP
C.D.RUSSELL
WERE GIVING TOYS AWAY TO THE ORPHANS, DOWN AT THE LODGE TONIGHT AND I'VE BEEN CHOSEN TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS ~ I'VE GOT TO RUSH AND GET INTO THE COSTUME
THERE JUST ISN'T ANYTHING TO COMPARE WITH THE OLD XMAS SPIRIT!
BY GOLLY! I MAKE SUCH A GOOD SANTA CLAUS I HARDLY KNOW MYSELF!
HELLO, FOOLISH! MERRY XMAS!
YAH!
IT'S ME, YOU DOPE!
IT'S NOT THE PUPS FAULT AT ALL! YOU WANT HIM TO BE A WATCH-DOG. WELL! HOW COULD HE TELL IT WAS YOU IN THIS GET-UP?
12-16 C.D.RUSSELL

Pete the Tramp

WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL-
BY BIL DUWER
I PROMISED TO CALL FRANK ON THIS NEWFANGLED CONTRAPTION AT SIX!
RING! RING! RING!
THAT MUST BE STELLA NOW!
ISN'T IT MARVELOUS? I CAN ACTUALY HEAR YOU TALK OVER JUST A TINY WIRE!
AN' WE'RE TWO WHOLE BLOCKS APART!
but daughter-Oh!
BALTIMORE
I'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES GUESS I'LL CALL UP MARY LOUISE IN LONDON!
12-16


Pennant Scrapbook
by BIL DUWER
17 SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE - NEW YORK
FOUNDED - 1870
COLORS, BLUE AND ORANGE
18 OBERLIN
OBERLIN - OHIO
FOUNDED 1833
COLORS - CRIMSON AND GOLD
19 ARMY
WESTPOINT - NEW YORK
FOUNDED 1802
COLORS
BLACK, GOLD AND GRAY
20 VANDERBILT
NASHVILLE, TENN
FOUNDED 1873
COLORS
GOLD AND BLACK
CUT OUT AND COLOR !

Dumb Dora

WILL I REPRESENT TH' STUDENT COUNCIL ON TH' RADIO? YOU BET I WILL!
STATE
GOSH - WOTTA BREAK! WAIT TILL DORA HEARS ABOUT THIS!
WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH, BINGY?
RADIO! I'M GONNA BROADCAST!
YEZZIR, I'M GONNA REPRESENT TH' STUDENT COUNCIL AN' JUST GET AN EARFUL OF TH' SPEECH I'M GONNA HAND MY PUBLIC!
THAT'LL BE GRAND, BINGY!!
I'LL START OUT LIKE THIS - LADIES AN' GENT-LEMEN - OUR GREAT SCHOOL, ETC., ETC, ETC!
THEN I'LL GIVE 'EM SOME SOB STUFF LIKE THIS - BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE SICK!
AN SO YOU SEE, FOLKS - RIGHT IS RIGHT! WRONG IS WRONG! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
BOY, THAT'LL BURN UP THEIR AERIALS!
YES, AND BLOW OUT THE TUBES!
BE SURE T' LISSEN, DORA, I'M DUE ON TH' AIR IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES!
ALL RIGHT HONEYBUN!
12-16
QUIET WHEN RED LIGHT BURNS
MR BROWN - THE STUDIO HAS PREPARED YOUR SPEECH - SAY NO MORE - NO LESS!
(COPY)
GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS, I AM GLAD TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SAY HELLO!
(THE END)
BIL DUWER

NICODEMUS O'MALLEY

by AD CARTER

Just-Kids

MUSH HAS GOT TONSILEETIS AN' HE DON'T HAFTA GO TO SCHOOL! GOSH-AIN'T HE LUCKY?
I WISHT I KNEW HOW TO GIT TONSILEETIS!
AN' JES' THINK-HE WON'T HAFTA SEE OUR SCHOOL-TEACHER-MISS WINTERBOTTOM, FER SOME TIME!
A VERY LUCKY FELLER-NO DOUBT!
MUSH HAS TONSILEETIS AN' HE CAN'T TALK! WOULDN'T IT BE DANDY IF YOU HAD IT?
TSK-TSK-SIR!
AND ARE YOU SURE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?
THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT-MRS. STEBBINS-JUST KEEP HIM IN BED FOR A FEW DAYS
M.D.
AN' HOW IS MUSH FEELIN' TODAY-IF I MAY AST?
MUCH BETTER-THANK YOU-MY BOYS
AN' NO SCHOOL AN' NO SCHOOL-TEACHER! TSK-TSK!
THERE'S THE BELL, MOM! KIN I GO TO THE DOOR?
CERTAINLY NOT! I'LL GO DOWN!
HOW IS YOUR YOUNG ONE-MRS. STEBBINS?
BETTER-THANK YOU!
HOW DOES MY DEAR LITTLE PUPIL FEEL TODAY?
I'M AWRIGHT
I WANT YOU TO GET WELL REAL QUICK-SO YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY FOOTBALL!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT FOOTBALL IS-MISS WINTERBOTTOM?
CERTAINLY! I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT FOOTBALL AND SWIMMING!
KIN YUH REALLY SWIM?!!
YES! AND WHEN THE WEATHER GETS WARMER I'LL TAKE YOU SWIMMING IF YOU GET WELL RIGHT AWAY!
IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO CALL ON OSWALD!
IT WAS A PLEASURE! HE'S A DARLING BOY!
L. CARTER
12-16
IT'S A FUNNY THING, MOM-BUT SCHOOL TEACHERS IS VERY HUMAN, AFTER ALL!!
1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

A LONELY GIRL FINDS HAPPINESS

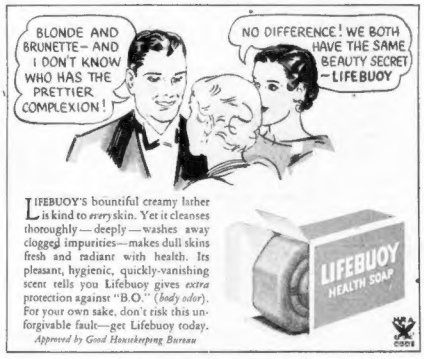
AN AIVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

I'M GLAD SHE'S COMING TONIGHT, SUE. SHE'S LEFT OUT OF SO MANY THINGS. SUCH A PRETTY GIRL, TOO. I FEEL SORRY FOR HER
SO DO I, MOTHER. SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW SHE SOMETIME OFFENDS. I WANT TO HELP HER

TWO HOURS BEFORE THE PARTY
SO SWEET OF YOU, SUE, TO LET ME COME STRAIGHT FROM THE OFFICE AND DRESS HERE FOR THE PARTY!
DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU, DEAR. THE BATHROOM'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR WHEN YOU WANT YOUR BATH...

I'VE JUST HAD MINE AND IT'S MARVELOUS HOW A LIFEBUOY BATH FRESHENS ONE UP. NO "B.O." WORRIES, EITHER
"B.O."—SURELY THERE'S NO DANGER OF THAT?

NO "B.O." TO SPOIL THIS PARTY!
SUE, I'VE HAD A MARVELOUS TIME! BILL'S WAITING TO TAKE ME HOME. HE'S MADE A DATE FOR TOMORROW. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING— EVERYTHING!


BLONDE AND BRUNETTE— AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS THE PRETTIER COMPLEXION!
NO DIFFERENCE! WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY SECRET —LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY'S bountiful creamy lather is kind to *every* skin. Yet it cleanses thoroughly — deeply — washes away clogged impurities — makes dull skins fresh and radiant with health. Its pleasant, hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection against "B.O." (*body odor*). For your own sake, don't risk this unforgivable fault—get Lifebuoy today.
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

HER EASIEST WASHDAY - AND HER SNOWIEST WASH

MOTHER WON'T USE ANY OTHER KIND. SHE SAYS RINSO GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER—WITHOUT SCRUBBING
GROCERIES
OOOH... I MUST TELL MY MOTHER THAT!

NEXT WASHDAY
EVEN THE COLORED THINGS LOOK TWICE AS BRIGHT, BETTY! YOU WERE A SMART LITTLE GIRL TO TELL ME ABOUT RINSO
IT SAYS ON THE BOX, RINSO IS FINE FOR DISHES, TOO. LET'S TRY IT!

"Economical—and easy on hands," says Mrs. J. W. Nelson of Brookline

"RINSO keeps colored things bright and new-looking for years. House-dresses, shirts, colored table linens don't get a bit streaked or faded when I use Rinso in the washer. It gets white clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Perhaps that's because its suds are so rich, lively and long-lasting. Rinso is easy on the hands, and economical. I use it for dishes and all cleaning."

MRS. J. W. NELSON,
67 Perry St., Brookline, Mass.

In tubs, Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves the wear and tear of scrubbing. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso for safety, for whiter washes. Gives rich suds *even in hardest water.* Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box. It's economical.

Rinso

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

IF WE'RE GOING TO PEG'S FOR DINNER, YOU'LL HAVE TO SHAVE, TOM
WHAT! SHAVE TWICE A DAY WITH THIS TOUGH BEARD? MY TENDER SKIN CAN'T TAKE IT

SURE! ITS EXTRA MOIST LATHER IS SO SOOTHING. IT SOFTENS TOUGHEST BEARDS FOR CLEANER, LONGER-LASTING SHAVES. TRY MY TUBE
O.K. I WILL, THANKS

No beard too tough—no skin too tender for this 52% "moister" lather

Beards just can't come too tough for Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Its lather holds 52% more moisture. Wilts the wiriest whiskers quick—makes light work for the razor. Gives clean, close, lasting shaves in solid comfort. Soothes tender skin. Try it.

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM

MISTER JACK

BY SWINNERTON

1. "I WONDER IF YOU'D POSE FOR A SNAPSHOT. I WISH TO TRY OUT MY NEW CAMERA."
"WILL I—"
2. "PLEASE STAND NEAR THAT BUSH, TURN SIDEWAYS TO ME AND—"
3. "—LOOK UP AT THE SKY. THAT'S FINE!"
4. WHAM—
SNAP
5. "SEE, BUDDY, YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR OLD K.O. PUNCH LEFT. THEM PROMOTORS WAS ALL WRONG!"
12-16
6. "NOW THEY'VE GOTTA PUT YOU ON AT THE GARDEN, 'CAUSE NOW I'VE GOT THIS SNAP-SHOT TO PROVE TO 'EM THAT THE OLD WALLOP IS STILL THERE!"

© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

Little Jimmy

Registered U. S. Patent Office

1. "THE TWO BOZOS THAT ROBBED THE MAIL OVER IN NEW MEXICO ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS COUNTY DIVIDING THEIR LOOT. CANYON KID WILL YOU ASK SOMOLI, IF HE CAN LOCATE THEM?"
"YES, SIR MISTER SHERIFF."
2. "SOMOLI IS CALLIN' FOR RED-TAILED HAWK."
"WHAT'S A RED TAILED HAWK GOT TO DO WITH A U.S. MAIL ROBBERY?"
3. "RED TAILED HAWK SAYS HE'S SEEN THEM AN' HE'LL LEAD US TO THEM."
4. "AW, WHAT DOES A RED-TAILED HAWK KNOW ABOUT MAIL-ROBBERS?"
5. U.S.M.
6. "AIN'T THAT A ROOSTER CROWIN'?"
"YEAH, THERE MUST BE A FARM CLOSE BY."
HUCKIE OODLE OO-O
7. "IT SOUNDED OVER THIS WAY."
8. "AW, YOU'RE HEARIN' THINGS!"
"WELL, WHERE'S YOUR FARM CLOSE BY?"
9. BING
BING
10. "HANDS UP AN' STAY WHERE YOU ARE!"
"—SOUNDS LIKE A KIDS VOICE."
"B-B-BETTER DO AS H-HE SAYS EVEN IF IT'S A B-B-BABYS V-V-VOICE!"
11. COUNTY JAIL
"HULLO BEANS. YUH SEEM TO WANT ME TO GO SOME PLACE WITH YOU."
WOW WOOF
12-16
12. "HOORAY FOR PONCHO AN' BEANS AN SOMOLI AN' ALL OF US!"
SWINNERTON

© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

Tim Tyler's Luck

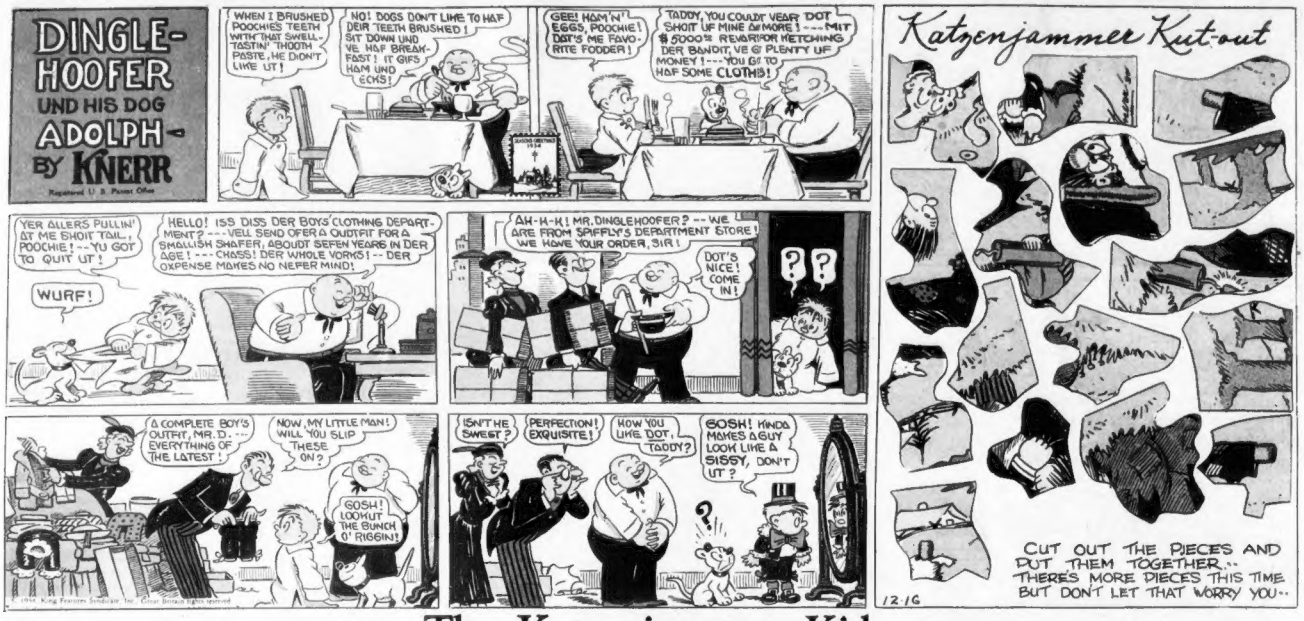
Registered U. S. Patent Office

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1934

MR BANTON THINKS I CAN'T CATCH UP TO TH' FELLERS WHO GOT AWAY WITH TIM! BUT I'VE GOOD CHANCE TO OVERTAKE 'EM—THEY'VE ONLY A HALF-HOUR'S START ON ME—

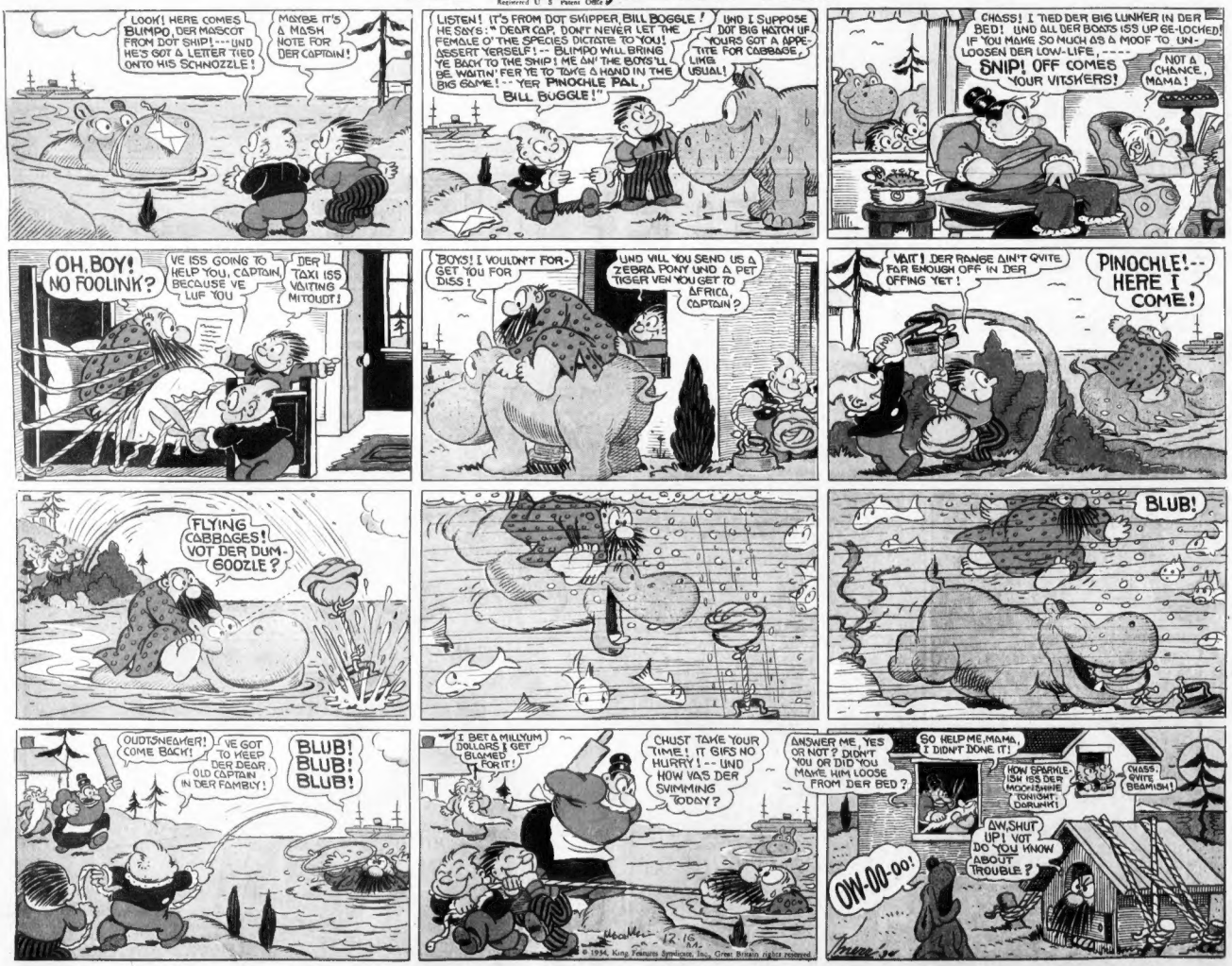
WOW—WHERE'D THAT SHOT COME FROM? WONDER IF IT WAS ME THEY TRIED TO GET?
SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM OVER YONDER—GUESS I'LL PADDLE OVER THERE AND—
TO BE CONTINUED—NEXT WEEK
LYMAN YOUNG

NESTLÉ'S NEST
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF
NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE
I WANT A PAIR OF FUR-LINED WHIFFETS FOR MY HOT-CHA GIRL FRIEND—
WHIFFETS? THIRD FLOOR-FOURTH AISLE-TURN RIGHT-
INFORMATION
MOM, I WANNA 'NOTHER NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE BAR!!
FUR-LINED WHIFFETS, PLEASE
NOTHING BUT PLAIN WHIFFETS HERE—FUR-LINED WHIFFETS SIXTH FLOOR-CENTER AISLE—
I WAS AHEAD OF HIM!
MISS! MISS!!
HOW BIG IS MY HOT-CHA HONEY?-OH, SHE'S SORT OF A GIRL-'BOUT THIS HIGH—
WHIFFETS, IN MISSES SIZES, SECOND FLOOR, SOUTH SIDE—
WHIFFETS BAH!-RIGHT NOW I'D GIVE ALL TH' WHIFFETS IN TH' WORL' FOR ONE BAR OF NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE!
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOUNG MAN!
YOU DROPPED YOUR PACKAGE, MODOM!
BAW!
WHIFFETS?! THIS IS THE BOOK DEPARTMENT
THEN GIMME A BOOK!
WHO WROTE GRAY'S ELEGY?
I DUNNO-A FELLA NAMED GRAY I THINK—
YOU DARLING BOY! YOU JUST DRINK ANOTHER CUP OF NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE AN' EAT A COUPLE OF NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE BARS-THAT'LL BRING BACK YOUR PEP AN' THE OL' CHRISTMAS SPIRIT—
OH, BOY! WAS I LOWER THAN AN EEL'S HEEL-NETTIE, THIS IS SAVIN' MY LIFE!! I WONDER IF DOTTIE'LL LIKE THIS BOOK ABOUT MOOSE HUNTING IN THE WILDS OF CANADA?
5¢ CONTAINS MORE FOOD ENERGY THAN 3 EGGS OR A QUARTER POUND OF STEAK—AND TASTES GRAND. MILK OR WITH ALMONDS-THE BIGGEST TREAT 5¢ WILL BUY.
MILK CHOCOLATE
NESTLÉ'S
5¢
NESTLÉ'S
CHOCOLATE
WITH ALMONDS
5¢
NESTLÉ'S
ALMOND MILK CHOCOLATE
FOR ECONOMY— BUY THE HALF-POUND BAR
DRINK NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE. IT HAS THAT SAME DELICIOUS CREAMY TASTE YOU FIND IN THE BARS—AT YOUR FAVORITE SODA FOUNTAIN.


DINGLE-HOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH
BY KNERR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WHEN I BRUSHED POOCHIES TEETH WITH THAT SWELL-TASTIN' THOOTH PASTE, HE DON'T LIKE UT!
NO! DOGS DON'T LIKE TO HAF DEIR TEETH BRUSHED! SIT DOWN UND VE HAF BREAK-FAST! IT GIFS HAM UND ECHS!
GEE! HAM 'N' EGGS, POOCHIE! DOT'S ME FAVO-RITE FODDER!
TADDY, YOU COULDT VEAR DOT SHOIT UF MINE AF MORE! --- MIT $5000 REVARD FOR KETCHING DER BANDIT, VE G PLENTY UF MONEY! --- YOU GO TO HAF SOME CLOTHS!
YER ALLERS PULLIN' AT ME SHOIT TAIL, POOCHIE! --- YU GOT TO QUIT UT!
WURF!
HELLO! ISS DISS DER BOYS' CLOTHING DEPART-MENT? --- VELL SEND OFER A OUTFIT FOR A SMALLISH SHAFER, ABOUDT SEFEN YEARS IN DER AGE! --- CHASS! DER WHOLE VORKS! --- DER OXPENSE MAKES NO NEFER MIND!
AH-H-H! MR. DINGLEHOOFER? --- WE ARE FROM SPIFFLY'S DEPARTMENT STORE! WE HOWE YOUR ORDER, SIR!
DOT'S NICE! COME IN!
? ?
A COMPLETE BOY'S OUTFIT, MR. D. --- EVERYTHING OF THE LATEST!
NOW, MY LITTLE MAN! WILL YOU SLIP THESE ON?
GOSH! LOOKUT THE BUNCH O' RIGGIN!
ISN'T HE SWEET?
PERFECTION! EXQUISITE!
HOW YOU LIKE DOT, TADDY?
GOSH! HINDA MAKES A GUY LOOK LIKE A SISSY, DON'T UT?
?!
Katzenjammer Kut-out
CUT OUT THE PIECES AND PUT THEM TOGETHER... THERES MORE PIECES THIS TIME BUT DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU..
12-16

The Katzenjammer Kids

Registered U. S. Patent Office


LOOK! HERE COMES BLIMPO, DER MASCOT FROM DOT SHIP! --- UND HE'S GOT A LETTER TIED ONTO HIS SCHNOZZLE!
MAYBE IT'S A MASH NOTE FOR DER CAPTAIN!
LISTEN! IT'S FROM DOT SKIPPER, BILL BOGGLE! HE SAYS: " DEAR CAP, DON'T NEVER LET THE FEMALE O' THE SPECIES DICTATE TO YOU! ASSERT YERSELF! --- BLIMPO WILL BRING YE BACK TO THE SHIP! ME AN' THE BOYS'LL BE WAITIN' FER YE TO TAKE A HAND IN THE BIG GAME! --- YER PINOCHLE PAL, BILL BUGGLE!"
UND I SUPPOSE DOT BIG HATCH UF YOURS GOT A APPE-TITE FOR CABBAGE, LIKE USUAL!
CHASS! I TIED DER BIG LUNKER IN DER BED! UND ALL DER BOATS ISS UP GE-LOCHED! IF YOU MAKE SO MUCH AS A MOOF TO UN-LOOSEN DER LOW-LIFE, ---
SNIP! OFF COMES YOUR VITSKERS!
NOT A CHANCE, MAMA!
OH, BOY! NO FOOLINK?
VE ISS GOING TO HELP YOU, CAPTAIN, BECAUSE VE LUF YOU
DER TAXI ISS VAITING MITOUDT!
BOYS! I VOULDN'T FOR-GET YOU FOR DISS!
UND WILL YOU SEND US A ZEBRA PONY UND A PET TIGER VEN YOU GET TO AFRICA, CAPTAIN?
VAIT! DER RANGE AIN'T QVITE FAR ENOUGH OFF IN DER OFFING YET!
PINOCHLE! -- HERE I COME!
FLYING CABBAGES! VOT DER DUM-SOOZLE?
BLUB!
OUDTSNEAKER! COME BACH!
VE GOT TO KEEP DER DEAR OLD CAPTAIN IN DER FAMBLY!
BLUB! BLUB! BLUB!
I BET A MILLYUM DOLLARS I GET BLAMED FOR IT!
CHUST TAKE YOUR TIME! IT GIFS NO HURRY! --- UND HOW VAS DER SVIMMING TODAY?
ANSWER ME, YES OR NO? DIDN'T YOU OR DID YOU MAKE HIM LOOSE FROM DER BED?
SO HELP ME, MAMA, I DIDN'T DONE IT!
HOW SPARKLE-ISH ISS DER MOONSHINE TONIGHT, DARLINK!
CHASS, QVITE BEAMISH!
AW, SHUT UP! VOT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TROUBLE?
OW-OO-OO!
12-16
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved